

Children's Newspaper, December 27, 1930

The C.N. at Any House
on Earth for 11s a Year
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 614

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DECEMBER 27, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL

A ROMAN'S DINNER SERVICE

AND HIS WIFE'S RICH JEWELS

Romantic Discovery in the Street of Abundance at Pompeii

THE LUCKY FOOTFALL

Number 4, Abundance Street, Pompeii, is a villa that has entirely justified the name of its street, for treasure worth half a million in money and incalculable wealth in historic interest has been found under its floors.

Professor Majuri and his excavators have been going from villa to villa in the Via del Abbondanza, and were so filled with admiration at the perfect architecture and well-preserved frescoes revealed in the villa that they were disappointed at not discovering more artistic treasures, though they ransacked every corner of the house.

A Strong Room Underground

They were tramping away disappointed, to try their luck in the villa next door, when heavy footfalls over the floor of the peristyle gave out a hollow sound. They halted and stamped their feet. There was no doubt now; there must be a room below.

Work was renewed, and an underground strong room was revealed. Lying on its floor were the decayed remains of a stout wooden chest, and soon spread before their admiring eyes was a pile of Roman treasure—gold and silver, coins and precious stones, all in splendid preservation. Among them were:

- A silver dinner service for four
- Two gold bracelets
- Three decorated silver salvers
- Thirteen gold rings
- Two gold necklaces
- A heavy gold brooch
- Three pairs of ear-rings
- A necklace and ear-rings of gold set with stones
- Silver mirrors and perfume-holders
- Clasps and combs
- 13 gold and 33 silver coins

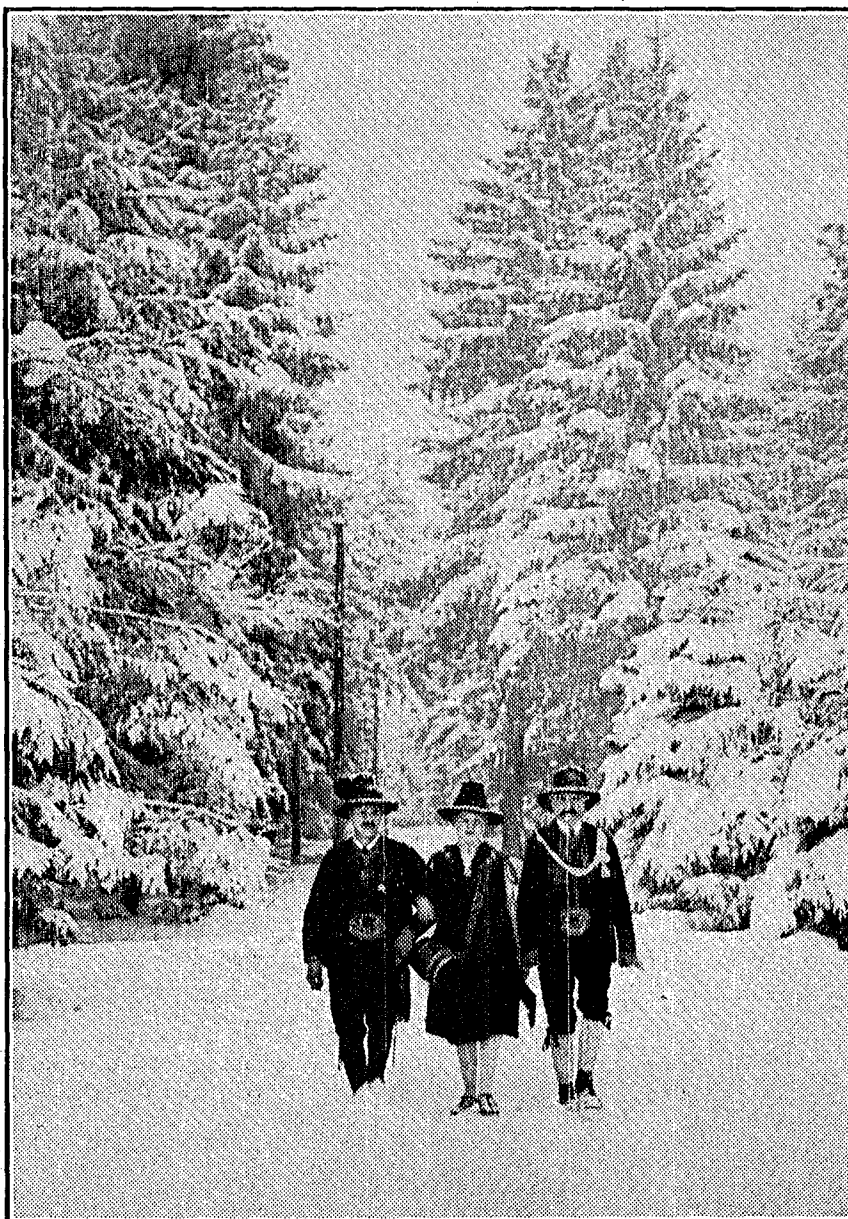
The dinner service is one of the most illuminating of the treasures, for it forms a complete set, even to tureens and condiment forks. All the pieces are beautifully engraved with representations of the Labours of Hercules.

A Tragic Revelation

We have to go back nearly forty years before we come across the record of such a magnificent discovery, when, at a neighbouring villa in Bosco Reale, treasures were found in surroundings which tragically revealed the attempts of their owner to carry them with him in his flight from the eruption that overwheeled him. The objects then found can be seen at the Louvre.

Among the lovely frescoes gracing the walls of the newly-excavated Pompeii villa is a portrait believed by some to be Virgil's. *See World Map*

Christmas As It Should Be



A walk in the woods in the Tirol



Taking home the Christmas Trees in Switzerland

We cannot be certain of Christmas snow in England's changeable climate, but here are two pictures from places on the Continent where it is sure to be found.

TEARS IN SIBERIA

150 HOMES WANTED

Sisterly Love Mixed With Soldierly Compulsion

THE FURNITURE REMOVERS

By a Correspondent in Siberia

In Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, people have great difficulty in finding a place to live; therefore, when the Government promised lodgings to 150 people who were going to Irkutsk to do important work there was nothing to be done but to turn 150 ordinary inhabitants into the street. This was not likely to be an easy task, for the snow is deep and uncommonly cold in Central Siberia, and anyone who has a roof over his head is unlikely to move into the courtyard merely for "If you please." Soldiers were, therefore, sent to turn out the unhappy victims.

Smart-Looking Young Women

The soldiers called on for this duty happened to be young women, very smart-looking in their felt helmets and long coats; fierce-looking, too, if you looked at their guns. But their Red Army uniforms had not changed their woman's nature as much as might have appeared on the surface.

At first it seemed like an ordinary task; all you had to do was to knock on the door and tell the people inside that they must move out, bag and baggage, by sunset. But when they found old people and sick people and small babies behind these doors matters took quite another turn. They hunted high and low to find rooms or out-buildings where the victims might take refuge, and then they helped to move out the furniture and bundles.

As they lugged things downstairs and along corridors they could not help thinking how sad it was that all these poor people, who had been safe and sound in their houses in the morning, were now in such a pitiful plight. These thoughts brought tears to their eyes, and the tears wet their cheeks and rolled on to their loads.

How the Duty Was Done

When the poor people who were being evicted saw the girl soldiers crying over what they had to do half the sting went out of it for them; this human sympathy touched their hearts and they all cried together, cried and lugged furniture. Before the soldierettes went back to their barracks with their wretched task accomplished they were seen weeping bitterly, and were being lugged and kissed and comforted by kind old women whom they had been obliged to turn into the cold.

"Don't take it so hard, my dears," the people would say to them. "You only did what you had to do. - We don't blame you in the slightest degree. You were dears to help such a lot with the things, and we're grateful for all your kindness—really we are."

A FORGOTTEN MAN OF THE KINEMA THE FIRST MOVING- PICTURE

A Yorkshire City's Tribute to
One of Its Citizens

AUGUSTIN LE PRINCE

Nearly half a century ago a small child in Leeds, the daughter of a French army officer, saw the first moving-picture. The other day she was in Leeds again, at the unveiling of a tablet memorial to her father.

Like many other modern ideas the kinema has been slowly evolved over a long period and we are indebted for it to numerous men, many of whose names are unknown.

For long the general impression was that Edison made possible the moving-pictures as we know them, until the matter became the subject of an inquiry by a United States court and it was established that the true inventor of the moving-picture camera was William Friese-Greene, an Englishman.

Friese-Greene's Inventions

He it was who in 1889 invented the first moving-picture camera to take photographs on a continuous strip of film.

But that camera was not the first to take moving-pictures, for as early as 1885 Friese-Greene had invented one for taking a series of pictures on a glass disc, which gave the impression of movement when it revolved. In 1888 he took moving-pictures at Hyde Park Corner with a camera, using a strip of specially-prepared sensitised paper.

The world was not ready for the kinema, however, and it was not for some years that it attracted the attention of men who saw its possibilities. Millions have been made out of this wonderful invention but not by Friese-Greene, who died a poor man.

A Friend of the C.N.

Now the unveiling of the memorial tablet at Leeds draws attention to another unknown, who, had he not come to an untimely end, might have shared with Friese-Greene the distinction of being the founder of the kinema.

He was Louis Aimé Augustin Le Prince, a Frenchman who married a Yorkshire lady and settled in Leeds. At the very time Friese-Greene was carrying on his experiments Le Prince was working on the same idea; and, as the memorial tablet says, he made a one-lens camera and with it photographed animated pictures. Some were taken on Leeds Bridge in 1888. He also made a projecting machine, and a friend of the C.N., Mr E. Kilburn Scott, helped him with the apparatus for producing the electricity used to show the pictures on a screen.

The Le Prince Mystery

Le Prince had become a member of his brother-in-law's firm in Leeds and went to the United States on their business for a few years. He continued his experiments while there, and in 1886 produced a moving-picture camera and patented it. On returning to Leeds the following year he improved the apparatus, and early in 1888 he applied for a British patent. Pictures were taken with the camera in the garden of a friend and also from a window at the south-east corner of Leeds Bridge. It was one of these pictures that his daughter, Marie Le Prince, saw on the screen as a small child.

Friese-Greene produced the celluloid film with perforated edges so that his photographs could be taken on a continuous strip; Le Prince also had thought of the perforated edge idea, but had not adapted it to the film itself. His photographic negatives were mounted on a strip of another material and this material had its edges perforated.

A CHRISTMAS TALE How a Sad Home Was Made Happy

A KINDLY ECHO OF A
CRUEL STORY

A charming Christmas story, still fragrant after nearly 30 years, has lately been told by the widow of a long-dead Hungarian writer.

It has to do with the children of an ill-fated Frenchman, Captain Dreyfus, who, at the end of last century, was wrongly condemned to deportation to Devil's Island. Many people who had followed the legal proceedings had had doubts as to the justice of the sentence, and some years later the efforts of a handful of fearless men obtained a revision of his case and eventually his acquittal as an innocent man.

But in 1903 poor Captain Dreyfus was still enduring untold misery on Devil's Island, and his wife and three children, hardly less miserable, were pining for him in Paris.

A Christmas-Box From Budapest

The story has just been told that at that time there lived in Budapest a young author named Zoltán Thury. Himself happily married, with young children, he could not bear the idea of that desolate little French household, and as Christmas approached his thoughts turned to those who would know no joy at the time of universal rejoicing. In the end he wrote a warm letter to Madame Dreyfus, and decided to send the children a Christmas present.

Now, all the world knows that there are no sweets like the sweets sold in a certain shop in Budapest, so he and a friend decided that they could not do better than to send the little Dreyfus children a boxful of them. They went to the shop, but, being both very poor, were somewhat handicapped in the choice of their purchases.

A Generous Giver

It was the owner of the shop who came to their aid, for, hearing what they were about, he told them that he would make their choice for them, and do the best he could if they would return in half an hour. What was their astonishment to find, on their return, a beautifully-carved wooden box filled to the brim with the most expensive and delicious sweets the shop could boast of, and to hear that their present was not to cost them a penny!

Kindly impulses are the most infectious things in the world, and the confectioner had suddenly discovered that he, too, wanted to have a hand in this business of bringing a little happiness to people who otherwise would have had none. So the box and the letter were sent off, and evidently achieved all that they were meant to achieve, for there came back such a letter of thanks from Madame Dreyfus as still warms the heart of Zoltán Thury's widow.

Continued from the previous column

So these two men were working along the same lines simultaneously, one in Leeds and the other in London, possibly each without knowledge of the other. Friese-Greene is not likely to have known much of Le Prince, but Le Prince may have heard of the work going on in London, for Friese-Greene made public what he was doing, although at the time the moving-picture was just a novelty.

Had Le Prince lived longer there is no doubt that his name would have been more widely known as a father of the kinema. But fate was against him. In August, 1890, he went to France on patent business, and at Bourges he left some Yorkshire friends with whom he had been travelling to go to visit his brother at Dijon. He was seen entering a train for Paris on September 16, 1890, and from that time he completely disappeared. It is believed that he was murdered, although no clue to his disappearance was ever found.

MISTLETOE HUNDREDS OF TONS OF IT

The Pearly Berries and the
Tears That Venus Shed
WHY THE PARASITE
GROWS ON THE OAK

It is said that about 200 tons of mistletoe came over the Channel in the week or two before Christmas.

Much of this rich harvest has been gathered from the poplars that grow by the wayside in France, but most of it comes from the apple orchards of Normandy and Brittany, through which peals of merriment have been resounding for many days.

For some weeks past white-coiffed maidens and blue-bloused men have been climbing the curious French ladders, shaped like an inverted V, which have been placed amid the boughs of the trees, cutting down great masses of mistletoe and passing the huge pearly-berried bunches carefully down to the laughing youths below, who are not slow to claim the age-long privilege associated with Cupid's berries.

The Emblem of Love

The mistletoe is said to have been given to the Goddess of Love to keep, and its pearly berries are the tears which Venus shed when she had inadvertently been wounded by one of Cupid's arrows. Everyone who passes under the mistletoe must therefore receive a kiss to show the mistletoe is the emblem of love and not of death.

Much of the English mistletoe comes from the orchards of Somersetshire, Hereford, Devon, and Kent, where it grows on apple, cherry, and pear trees. It is found, too, on hickory and ash, and more often on black poplar and oak.

This famous parasite plant is to be found mostly on trees with rough bark because birds love the sticky berries that hang like pearls among its mystic leaves, but they find it difficult to get rid of the hard kernel, which persists in sticking to their bills.

The Birds and the Seeds

So the birds rub the seed off on rough bark and there it propagates in the cracks of the outer covering of the tree, and, snug and warm, sprouts in time into what we know as the mistletoe, which grows upward into the light and downward into the dark, round the roots of the tree as well.

In summer the mistletoe receives its sustenance from the oak, but in winter it repays its debt by feeding its host!

From the oak the pagan priests of Early Britain, the Druids, to whom the oak was sacred, got the idea that the mysterious mistletoe-green, being immortal, was the soul of the oak.

Once accepted as the symbol of immortal life, it is easy to see what wonderful powers would be attributed to the dainty Druid plant, with its strange, wing-like growth of leaves and its pearl-like berries. When none of it could be found on any of the oaks it was thought that great dangers were at hand.

A Golden Sickle

The prince of the Druids used to cut the mistletoe for the winter festival himself, using a golden sickle, in the belief that thus cut it would charm away evil spirits and cure all poisons. If the arch-Druid let his gold knife fall outside the white cloth waiting to receive the mystic green great misfortunes would fall on the land.

With the coming of Christianity we have outgrown such superstition, but we still cling to the pretty custom of decorating our homes with evergreens and find fun under the mistletoe bough.

The mistletoe cargo brings its own beautiful meaning with it, and this year it is not the less welcome because we are told that, in the language of flowers, the forerunner of Christmas stands for this motto—I surmount difficulties.

GUIDE AND SCOUT ENGINES

A LITTLE EVENT AT
EUSTON

Famous Engine Man Who Was
the Chief Scout's Godfather
HELPING PEOPLE ALONG

Number Six platform of Euston Station was the other day the scene of a little event which will have a big significance for Guides and Scouts all over the world.

It was the unveiling by Lord and Lady Baden-Powell of two plaques of the famous fleur-de-lys badge on two new engines which have been named The Boy Scout and The Girl Guide. Through the Scout and Guide associations boys and girls from all parts of the Empire had sent contributions toward the badges, which were formally accepted for the railway by Sir Josiah Stamp.

The Guard of Honour

Among the guard of honour of Scouts and Guides were some members of the 4th Derby L.M.S. Troop of Scouts, who had actually helped to make the engines. Each engine had been built in a little over a week, and both were designed by Sir Henry Fowler, once a Scout Commissioner of Derbyshire.

"Every Scout who has red blood in him wants to be an engine-driver at some time of his life," said the Chief Scout as he unveiled the plaque on The Boy Scout engine. "I know I did when I was a boy. But my godfather was Robert Stephenson, the man who made engines, and I inherited the love of them from him. I once had the chance of being an engine-driver, when I went as a young officer to India. I bribed a driver to let me drive a troop train. I drove the engine down a steep, zigzag hill. Halfway down the alarm bell went. It was the colonel, who thought we were going too fast. He did not know I was driving, or I should not have remained in the Army another day."

Inspiration From the Line

Lord Baden-Powell said it was a great honour to their movement that the railway company had named one of their engines after them. "Engine-drivers are men who take responsibility and have wonderful machines under their command," he said. "When they see the red signal up they keep the engine on the straight line. Scouts and Guides might well draw inspiration from the engines and follow their example by trying to help other people along."

Lady Baden-Powell performed a similar ceremony in unveiling the plaque on The Girl Guide engine, and said the engine and the Girl Guide movement had something in common: they both aimed at taking people to their right destinations by the straight path.

Fog had delayed the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide, but the guard of honour had waited for them with exemplary patience, for it was very damp and cold. The Guides danced the Old English dances Gathering Peascods and Ruffy Tufty, while the Scouts danced country dances until they were warm again.

Pictures on page 7

THINGS SAID

Cardiff has no real slums.

Mr Clough Williams-Ellis

Ignorance is the father of disease.

The Prince of Wales

Those whom the gods love remain young till they die. Lord Darling at 81

My heroine is the woman at the washtub. Mr Edgar Wallace

Gardens show the character of their owners. Lieut.-Colonel F. R. Durham

From Juba to Cape Town is 5000 miles, but you can take a taxi all the way.

National Geographic Society

December 27, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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CHRISTMAS FLOWERS • PREPARING FOR THE PLAY • SEASIDE HOCKEY



Christmas Flowers—Many a Christmas table will be decorated with lilies-of-the-valley from the Woking farm where this photograph was taken. The plants come to England in a frozen state and are forced.



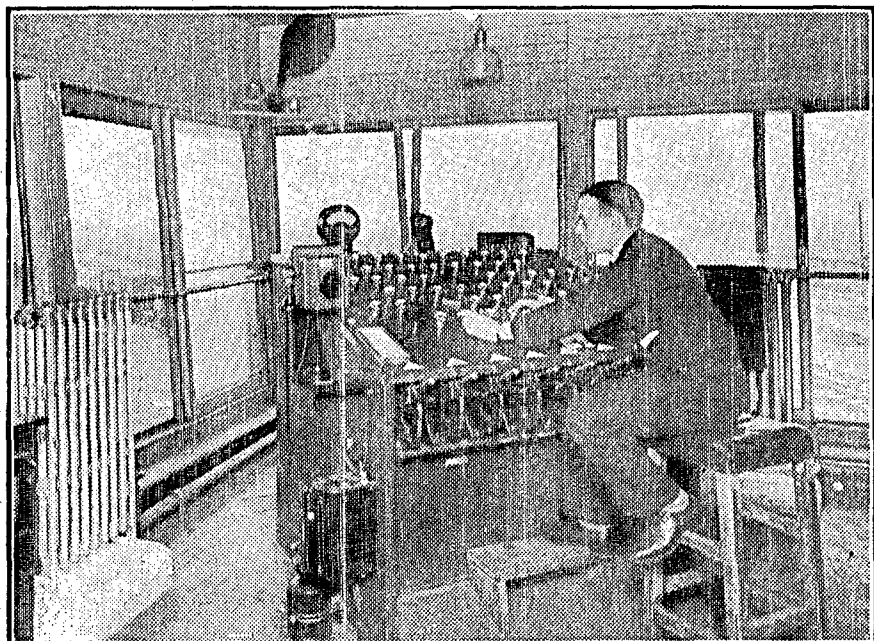
Winter Sports—Most boys and girls will agree with this little maid that tobogganing is one of the best winter pastimes.



Making Friends at the Zoo—A newcomer to the London Zoo is this gibbon, which soon became very friendly with its keeper. As the picture shows, the gibbon has remarkably long arms.



Hockey on the Sands—During the winter the broad, flat sands at Weston-super-Mare provide excellent hockey pitches for the girls from local schools. This merry party is ready for a game.



At the Controls—All the shunting in the L.N.E.R. wagon yard at March, Cambridgeshire, is controlled by one man, who sits at an electric switchboard. Fifty-one sidings are operated.



Fairyland in London—Some of the little dancers who are taking part in the Christmas play Where the Rainbow Ends are here seen rehearsing at a London theatre.

RUSSIA MOCKS AT JUSTICE

STAGE ARMIES

A Circus For the People Wanting Bread

FATE OF EIGHT PROFESSORS

In Russia, where God is mocked, those who have mocked have been visited with madness.

There is no other explanation of the trial at Moscow of eight professors who, having been condemned to death for offences which they never committed, have had their sentences commuted to imprisonment.

They were accused of conspiring to overthrow the Government. That was their prime offence. If they had been guilty there was no reason which would have persuaded the Soviet Government not to shoot them in a cellar.

These scientific men, engineers and specialists, were accused of wrecking the construction works of a railway. No Russian jury dare hesitate to condemn them to death for that; no official would hesitate to carry out the sentences, and no protest outside Russia would save the condemned.

"A Certain Mr Noodle"

That was not all. They were accused of conspiring with M Briand and M Poincaré in Paris and with public men in London to overthrow the Soviet Government and bring about foreign intervention. If that had been true, if there had been a shadow of truth in it, they would have been shot without trial.

But there was a trial and it was as elaborately staged as a public festival or a public holiday. Stage armies of demonstrators marched past the judgment hall calling for the death of the criminals. Mass meetings were held in the provinces to bid the judges to show no mercy.

The prisoners themselves were staged. Confessions more idiotic than the charges were wrung out of them, and they were paraded before the public eye. "A certain Mr. Noodle" said he knew British business men wanted war with Russia. The Public Prosecutor, Krylenko, was the chief actor of all. For a fortnight he hurled his accusations against the "conspirators," and wound up by howling for their death.

Why? Why not shoot them in obscurity, as thousands of people have been shot in Russia during the last few years? It could not have been that the Soviet hesitated to stain its hands in innocent blood.

What the Soviet Wanted

The reason and the explanation were that the Soviet did not want blood so much as publicity. They intended to have a trial which would make Russia forget its troubles, hardships, and hunger. It was a sort of circus offered to the people in place of bread.

The Russian people were apparently quite ready to be impressed—or were they not deceived after all? Nobody else was. The foreign Governments, so far from being impressed, indignantly asked the Soviet to explain.

We come back to where we started, to the plain truth that the only plotters in Russia are the Soviet tyrants themselves, who, in their efforts to escape the consequences of their own malignant rule, have apparently become demented.

They have derided religion; they have made a laughing-stock of justice. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small.

Paris has made it a rule that blind persons are to carry white sticks.

It is now possible to hand in a picture at some of our post offices and have it sent by telegraph.

A new public library at Neasden, near Willesden, is to have an open-air reading room on the roof.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

One Taken, the Other Left

JOHN GARVIN'S ROAD TO IMMORTALITY

John Garvin, a South Wales miner who saved a boy's life while sacrificing his own, takes his place among those unreturning heroes of the mines whose courage and devotion shine brightest in the hour of death and dismay.

John and his brother Edward, with the boy William Cooling, were working in a timber-propped gallery of the Mynydd Maen Colliery, Monmouth, when the roof began to crack. Garvin was handling one of the props. He heard the crack, but his first act was to push the boy away.

A second after the roof crashed down, burying the brothers. Cooling was the only one left to tell the tale.

The boy burst into tears as he told it at the inquest. "He pushed me out of the way," he cried.

That act alone saved William Cooling's young life. But Garvin was not old. He was only 31. Nevertheless his act is one to be set by the side of that of Mrs Emma Mary Davidson, the old lady of Liverpool who gave her life in saving a child from being run over by a motor-lorry and who said:

"I have had my day; the child's day has to come."

LONDON'S JUNGLE

The Breed of Wild Cats

The astonishing fact was revealed the other day that every year fifty thousand cats, abandoned in the streets of London, are taken in by one cat's home.

London has two types of fauna, which are called wild and feral. Feral animals are those which have become wild after having been domesticated or are the wild descendants of domestic animals. The only free camels in the world and the so-called wild horses of America are feral, all descended from stocks which were originally domesticated.

The wild fauna of London include the fox, the badger, the squirrel, mice, and two species of rat; but London cats are rapidly forming a feral community. From whatever cause they originally took to the open they now breed at large as do the pigeons.

Large cities tend to produce populations of this kind. Rome, with all its ruins, is an ideal breeding-place for cats, in which the ancient sense of independence pulses with sufficient vigour to urge them forth to seek haunts of their own. Constantinople had its horde of dogs till they were sent to starve on an island.

AUNT CHRISTINA

Her Heart Was Like a Singing Bird

Christina Rossetti having been born just a hundred years ago there have been many articles about her, and one of them was written by her niece.

It must be jolly to have for your own aunt the poet who wrote Goblin Market. Any child would give a good deal to boast of that.

What was she like? When we read her poetry we think of her as a romantic-looking lady with flowing robes and unconfined tresses, like the women painted by her brother or by their friend Burne-Jones. Well, her niece has a shock in store for us. *Aunt Christina wore a black dress and white cap.* There is something so unpoetical about a Victorian cap that it is hard to think of a lady in a cap writing.

My heart is like a singing bird.

Yet we must do it. Her niece says that Aunt Christina took to caps early. She was a kind aunt, and never forgot a birthday, but there was always something aloof and unworldly about her.

THE CURSE

Buried in Days of Fear

FOUND IN DAYS OF LAUGHTER

A small child picked up something pretty in a Hertfordshire field.

A busy grown-up striding by with his thoughts full of business would never have seen it, but the child had time for beauty, and among the flowers found the treasure.

It was a cameo head of Medusa.

This news brought Mr W. P. Westell, the antiquary, to the scene, and he found all sorts of interesting things hidden under the grass.

On another site the Hertfordshire antiquaries have this year dug up what they call the fifth Curse found in Britain. It is a tablet on which some Roman wrote in the first or second century A.D.:

Tacita, or by whatever other name she is called, is hereby cursed.

Four such tablets have been found: at Bath, Lydney, Cacrleon, and London. The one now found in Walls Field, at Baldock in Hertfordshire, was pierced with nails, in the belief that these nails would fix the magic upon Tacita and paralyse her.

We can never know what Tacita had done; but we can be sure the curse did her no harm.

But what interests us is the thought that it was buried in an age when a Curse made people afraid, to be found in an age when we laugh at it.

DID ATHELSTAN GO TO LUTON?

A Town Loses a Millenary

Luton town has had the misfortune to lose beyond recall the most attractive branch of its family tree.

According to old belief Luton was chosen by King Athelstan to hold his Witenagemot on November 12, 931. Next year, therefore, Luton was to hold the millenary of its first mention in our rough island story.

Alas, disappointing though it may be, a mistake has been made. The Saxon charters mention Leowtun, which a Lutonite might naturally expect to have been identical with his town. But Dr Mawer, the authority on English place-names, to whom this supposition was referred for confirmation, shook his head. Leowtun was never Luton, but more likely was Lifton in Devonshire.

So Devon and Lifton, which never expected such honour, take the glory which might have been that of Luton and Bedford. The only consolation to Luton, which is now sadly considering whether it should cancel the millenary, is that King Athelstan must certainly have been there about a thousand years ago.

OUT OF THE PIT

A Man's Extraordinary Adventure

It is strange to think of the hardships of danger, hunger, and suffering that the human frame can survive, but less strange, we are happy to believe, is the superhuman efforts that men will make to rescue a fellow-creature in peril of his life.

All these were exemplified in the accident which befell a German miner in a gallery of the Viktor Pit near Cologne.

He was trapped by a fall of coal and remained in his living tomb for more than a week. His fellow-miners heard his cries. They got a tube through to him and poured down to him liquid food.

Then they set to work to drive a tunnel to reach him. It was driven skilfully below him so that no further fall of coal should be risked, and then, when it was beneath his prison, an upward shaft was cut to where he lay.

He was lifted out and brought again to the light of day. In spite of all he was uninjured, and is now at work again.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

From Poperinghe Round the Earth

In a little room at Poperinghe a flame was lighted in the dark days of the war.

Its light burns steadily there, and in other places which have been added one to another till they are now like a chain of lighthouses round the world.

The last link of light came back to the Albert Hall in London, where Talbot House, which all the world knows by the name of Toc II, has been keeping its anniversary festival.

The Rev T. P. Clayton, the padre who had lighted the first lamp of maintenance at Poperinghe; was there to see the chain completed, and to broadcast the message which the Prince of Wales sent to every member of the Toc II family.

The family is spread all over the world. One by one its units had gathered together to keep the festival at the Albert Hall which had begun the night before at Poperinghe itself, where Tubby Clayton, as the famous padre is called, lit the lamp before leaving for London. He lit the first and the last lamps in this world chain of light.

A Little Pilgrimage

To Poperinghe a little pilgrimage had gone to tend the lamp. They had lighted their own lamp from it, and at that signal the lamp lighting of Greater Britain had begun. Hour after hour it had gone on till the beautiful, half mystic ceremony reached its time of appointing in the Albert Hall.

First came in the pilgrims from Poperinghe who had given the signal. Then the banner-bearers with the lamp which the Prince had lit at the Church of All Hallows by the Tower, where it always burns. Then the London branches of Toc II with lamps unlighted.

Lord Wakefield lit the first Lamp of Maintenance from the silver lamp of All Hallows. Then the other lamps were lit. The world chain was completed, and the great Albert Hall, its electric lights extinguished, was all in darkness except for the glow of these tiny flames.

But they were flames which had their counterparts wherever British hearts beat steadily in remembrance of the past, in hope of the peace of the future, and in dedication that those who died shall not have died in vain.

NEWS ABOUT THE SILVER SPOONS

There are two items this week for those who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths.

One is that somebody has discovered an old advertisement of a School for Young Ladies near Wakefield which says:

Each young lady is requested to bring a silver spoon, which will be returned when she leaves school.

The other item about the silver spoon concerns a famous Socialist who has lately died in Germany. He was not born with a silver spoon, nor had he a silver tongue. Rather he made his way to fame by his rough speech. But famous he became, fearless as well as incorruptible.

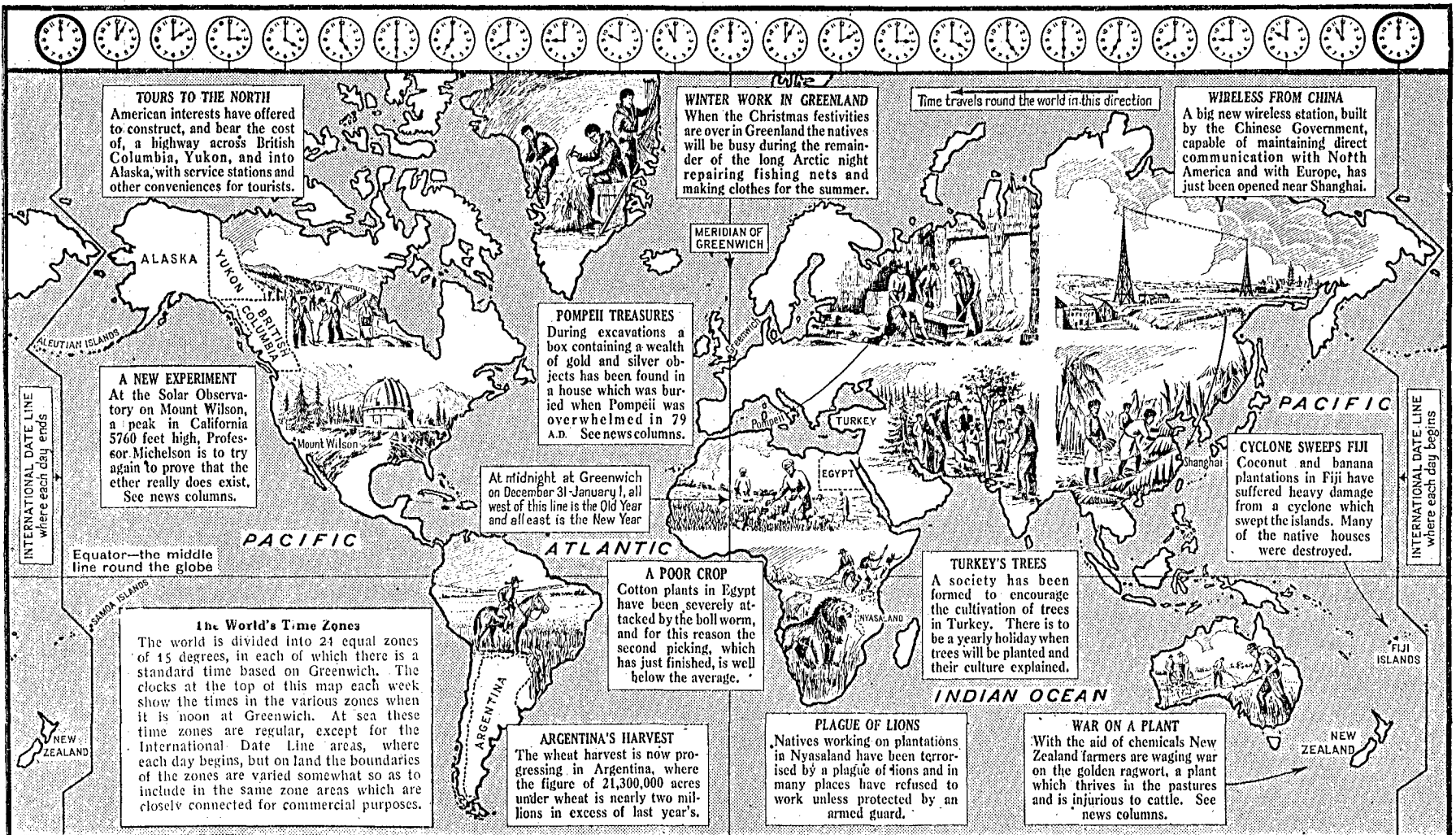
Then one day somebody spread the news that he had some silver spoons in his house, and he never recovered from the charge. No one would believe that his pieces of silver were not a betrayal of his professions, and the fame of Herr Hoffman passed away.

THE HIGHWAY CODE

The proposed Traffic Rules for all users of the roads have been issued by the Minister of Transport for general consideration and criticism.

This draft Highway Code, as it is called, is so interesting and important that the C.N. will reserve its full description of the proposals until after the holidays.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



ROMANCE IN A CARGO BOAT

A Crew Sets Out to Seek It

Romance still haunts the sea, but the adventures of the good ship Albany seem to show that it may need hardy souls to recognise it.

The Albany set out from Karachi to Portugal with an unromantic general cargo on board, intending to make the commonplace journey in the ordinary 16 days. Adventure came to the ship on the wings of the storm, and then another storm, and then another. The 16 days stretched into more than six weeks.

Food and fuel ran short. Every splinter of woodwork on the ship that could be chopped up went into the furnaces. The ship limped on for a fortnight on dying fires.

There was not a biscuit left on board, not a cupful of fresh water in the tanks. The wheat with which the Albany's crew kept themselves alive had to be boiled in salt water.

It was a sad and sorry crew that crawled on shore when the ship came at last to Barry Docks. They had had more than enough of the sea's adventure; and yet we may be sure they will go seeking it again.

STRAIGHTENING OUT THE G.W.R.

Fine Piece of Engineering

With hardly a moment's delay to a hundred trains entering and leaving Paddington Station one and a half miles of track have been relaid, in eleven hours.

For this period the trains were signalled in and out by flags, while gangs of men levered the ten-ton sections of the track into new positions.

The result of this fine piece of organisation is that the sharp curve into the station has been straightened out, the speed of the trains will be increased, and the passenger will no longer receive that nasty jolt as he reaches for his handbag on the rack.

DOES THE ETHER EXIST? A New Experiment

An interesting experiment is believed to be drawing Professor Einstein to America.

The attempt is to be made by Professor Michelson, the famous scientist, to prove by a third experiment that the ether is real, and the author of the theory of Relativity is expected to be included in the party of witnesses.

Science has held that ether is everywhere, filling all space, in every particle of matter and, in fact, the foundation of matter itself. The Einstein school of philosophy has declared that the ether is a figment of the imagination, as unreal as the Equator and the axis of the Earth.

Now Professor Michelson has proved to the satisfaction of American scientists that the ether is a reality. He is to try again, at the Mount Wilson Observatory, and Einstein may receive a shock if he finds that the ether does, after all, exist. It may fundamentally affect the idea of Relativity. See World Map

WHAT FOG CAN DO Belgium's Hours of Terror

A white terror swept suddenly down upon the lovely valley of the Meuse the other day.

A steep fall of temperature caused a heavy choking fog to fill the hollow in the hills to the south of Belgium's great factory town of Liège. Hundreds of people were stricken with lung disease, and many died.

The suddenness of it all gave rise to a great fear that some poisonous gas from factory fumes or old shell dumps had been stirred up, and memories of the war strengthened this fear. But as the children escaped and only the older folk suffered it is considered that the ice-cold fog was the sole cause of the calamity.

Fortunately the fog did not last long, and most of the sufferers quickly recovered; but we may all regard this unhappy experience as one more warning to civilisation that it must fight the smoke pall of our industrial cities.

BARRA'S HAVEN OF PEACE

The Man From the Western Isles

Barra in the Western Isles is a stay-at-home place.

Father MacMillan, its priest, came to London the other day to sing to London folk the island's songs.

His stay was not long. The brilliant company at Londonderry House in Park Lane loved his songs, but he loved his island home and island folk too much to linger away from them.

After two days of busy London with its million noises and its thousand smells he was homesick for the peace of Barra and the soft accents of its fisher people. A charming picture the priest drew of his flock, the old Celtic men and women sitting round the peat fires in the evening, singing their Irish songs and telling the old tales over again; and the young folk dancing the while.

It is like the poet's quiet haven of Innisfree

Where peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings.

It seemed to him that he had been away a thousand years, he said, on his second day in town, and now he is back in his beloved Barra. And yet one cannot help wondering what will happen to the young folks when the wireless reaches Barra. Will they, too, love their island then or come out into the great world?

THE EMPTY PACKET

The chocolate people are joining-up in the crusade against the Litter Lout. Cadburys are now printing on their packages this little request:

Your good example in not leaving your empty cartons about will further the national movement for a litter-free countryside.

We wonder if our Kodak friends would not join in this good movement? Their cartons, so rightly popular, are among the worst offenders.

There are 15,000 Red Indian children at school in Canada.

MORE MEN KILLED BY THE WAR It Never Ends

It never ends—the trail of destruction left by the war. The Italian salvage steamer Artiglio is one of the latest victims of it.

Only a few months ago we were applauding the science, skill, and determination which the staff and diving crew of the Artiglio had shown in finding the P. & O. liner Egypt, wrecked off Ushant with a million's worth of gold on board.

The Artiglio's work on the sunken liner had been postponed till next spring. Meanwhile the little ship, with its skilled men and its dauntless divers, had been chartered for the comparatively insignificant job of removing the munition ship Florence from the sea-way between Brittany and the Isle of Houat in the Quiberon Channel.

The Florence was on her way from America with a cargo of war material for France when sunk in 1918. The divers of the Artiglio had found her. It was necessary to blow her up, and the electric wires and the charges had been laid. The men returned to their own ship prepared peacefully to watch the result, which was not expected to cause more than a mild turmoil on the surface of the water.

But when the electric contacts were made there was an uprush like a water-spout. Such was the force of the explosion, due to the high explosives in the sunken Florence, that the sound was heard on another ship three miles away.

When she steamed to the spot it was to find that the Artiglio had been broken in half, and that only seven men out of her crew had been saved by the Rostra, the Italian vessel's consort.

Foreign travellers now visit this country at the rate of a thousand for every day of the year.

The little patients of the Royal Dental Hospital of London, who have received many gifts of books from C.N. homes, send their best wishes for Christmas to all C.N. readers.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 27 1930

The Everlasting Arms

THE C.N. wishes the world many happy returns of the birthday of Christianity.

It has been in many ways a remarkable year. We hope it has been the last of the dark years, and that in 1931 the tide will turn. But the message we should like to give as the Wheel of Time completes its round once more is the assurance of our faith that all is well.

We have had more than one year's fair share of nonsense this year in the much abused name of Science. We have heard a good deal about a mathematical Universe. We have had the most fantastic theories to explain the things that Science cannot understand; and when our minds begin to reel at the nonsense that is talked we are told it is all beyond the understanding of ordinary people, but that these mysterious ideas will profoundly affect the course of human thought.

We beg our readers not to worry. *There is nothing that is true that cannot be made plain.*

The year has been remarkable in Science for the attempts to explain the world in codes and symbols. It is nothing new. It was Plutarch who said that God is for ever geometrizing. It was old Robert Boyle who said that mathematics is the alphabet in which God wrote the world. Sir Isaac Newton saw God as the Great Architect. Sir James Jeans sees Him now as the Supreme Thinker. Professor Whitehead, one of the greatest of all mathematicians, sees God as a Poet. Somebody else calls the Universe a thought in the mind of God.

We may not understand these wise men of our time, but one thing is clear. Every one of them is trying to say something he can hardly understand. They sit down like a child in the presence of a mystery too deep for words. The wisest among them is but as a child in the control room of a great power-station.

But every one of these wise men sees God behind the world. Professor Whitehead of Harvard sees God leading the world, with tender patience, by his vision of truth and goodness and beauty. Professor Eddington bids us hold to our faith, which he thinks will take us nearer the truth than the codes and symbols. If we are in a mysterious Universe, at least God has given us a compass.

It is something to set out with on our journey through another year. *We have a compass.* God may be beyond our understanding, but He has set us where we are. He has brought us thus far, and He will not leave us now. God is more than wisdom: He is Love. He is our refuge and strength in times of trouble like these, and underneath us all are the Everlasting Arms. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters, of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Mother of the C.N.

A PRINTING order has just been given which means the printing of two hundred and fifty million pages of the *Children's Encyclopedia*.

The Boy Who Loves the Hills

We like these lines from a note of thanks for a parcel of old books sent to a lad's club the other day.

ONE young fellow, whose imagination is a much more magnificent affair than his physical body, reads all the books on hills he can lay his hands on.

To this chappy Arnold Lunn's Story of the Alps will be splendid. The little fellow will probably never walk without crutches, but *he is mad on mountains*.

Two Towns

A C.N. correspondent who has been motoring about the West Country sends us this note of two towns he passed through:

Ludlow, a distressingly dirty and untidy town, has obscured its fine history by neglect; and

Shrewsbury, which won my heart, a prosperous town that has known how to live up to its history.

It must strike every traveller as strange that some towns build up their good name and preserve their reputation, while others allow themselves and all their history to be obscured behind a surface of shabbiness.

What They Want

It is entertaining to run through the columns of the papers which devote themselves to other people's wants. Such queer things people are sighing for!

Somebody wants for immediate cash a complete library of not more than 2000 volumes fairly high-class in character.

A duke wants some early English monastic floor tiles.

A Londoner is longing for a tiny bust of Byron; and there are several inquiries for ancient scrap-books, one of which must be Swiss.

To what dim quiet sitting-room will it arrive, we wonder, to be pored over perhaps by an exiled Swiss lady in her hours of recollection.

The Golden Day

Golden time of lights and laughter, Blazing log and hollied rafter, Candles blue and gold and red, Twinkling tables richly spread, Fairy trees whose fruit is toys, Sparkling eyes and merry noise, Carols, chimes, and dancing measure, Till the whole Earth rings with pleasure: Is it meet, O time of mirth, Thus to mark a Saviour's birth? Fast and psalm were more in reason At this high and holy season.

No! a thousand belfries ring, No! a thousand angels sing, Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem's star, Bade men be as children are; Childlike merriment and play Best befit this holy day.

Before the Doge's Seat

Before the Doge's ducal seat in the famous San Marco, Venice, are engraved these words, a high ideal for all who bear rule.

LOVE justice, give all men their rights: let the poor and the widow, the ward and the orphan, O Doge, hope for a guardian in thee.

Be compassionate toward all; let not fear, nor hate, nor love, nor gold, betray thee.

Tip-Cat

IN another fifty years the saxophone will be out of date. Now it is merely out of tune.

MANY people go away for the winter. If they stayed at home they would get it just the same.

THE modern girl stops at nothing, says a critic. Except boarding-houses.

OXFORD undergraduates have been banned from using a new ice skating rink. They might make things a bit too hot.

AIRMEN lead a pleasant kind of life. Sure of rising in their profession.

A LADY protesting against the new fashions evidently thinks that to go back to the long skirt will be a short-coming.

SAILORS are now allowed to wear dance shoes in the evening. For a trip on the ocean?

A MAN complained because the lodger overhead fried onions. He turned up his nose at it.

A GARDENING paper contains a column of current news. Dealing, no doubt, with electric plants.

CUSTOMS officers may be called out at any hour of the day or night. But will they come?

Sometime, Somewhere

Somewhere, sometime, some way, each day

I'll turn aside and stop and pray That God will make this church the way

Of blessing unto men.

On Wootton-Bassett church door

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWELVE golden sovereigns were found in a London collecting-box of the N.S.P.C.C.

A SCHOOL OF PEACE for studying peace problems has been opened in Paris.

BRITISH MUSEUM visitors have lately increased by 1500 a week.

JUST AN IDEA

We talk a lot of nonsense about dogmas. Is it just a dogma that truth is better than a lie?

A Trumpet Sound 100 Years Ago

The Tide Will Turn Again

Those who despair of their country because there is trouble and distress in 1930 will do well to consider the state of the England of a century ago. Here is an extract from an article by Macaulay just a hundred years ago.

THE present moment is one of great distress. But how small will that distress appear when we think over the history of the last 40 years—a war compared with which all other wars sink into insignificance; taxation such as the most heavily-taxed people of former times could not have conceived; a debt larger than all the public debts that ever existed in the world added together; the food of the people studiously rendered dear; and the currency impudently debased and improvidently restored.

Yet is the country poorer than in 1790? We fully believe that, in spite of all the misgovernment of her rulers, she has been almost constantly becoming richer and richer. Now and then there has been a stoppage, now and then a short retrogression; but as to the general contingency there can be no doubt. A single wave may recede, but the tide is evidently coming in.

What We Shall Have Some Day

By a Sleeper on the L.M.S.

Is it not fun to plan out the Sleeper of the Future as one lies, somewhat bruised and aching, on the firm cushion of the third-class sleeper bearing passengers from Aberdeen to London?

There will be an easy spring to rest on; that is certain. There will be a light that can be turned on and off without mounting on the lower berth to reach above the door.

There will be some little folding ledge to let down for the tray of tea that comes in when we are probably still dreaming, to remind us that Bedfordshire is flying past outside.

There will be a little card fixed up somewhere with a few bits of information about the journey; what time we shall arrive, what time we shall pass various famous places.

Then, in time, we may have a railway hotel that will not charge us, grubby and weary, half-a-crown for a bath. There may even be a girl at the desk with a smile of welcome for the tired traveller. There might almost be a breakfast which could be delicious and satisfying and dainty without costing four shillings.

Please, dear Railways, may we have these things?

I Have Got a Master

I have got a Master,
O so brave and pure.
His mark is on my forehead,
And of His love I'm sure.
I tell Him all my secrets,
My sorrow and my joy.
I know He understands me,
For He was once a boy.

December 27, 1980

The Children's Newspaper

7

SOME HAPPY
ENDINGSSTORIES THAT LIFE
WRITESThe Home That Will Not
Leave a Child in PerilHOW TO INVEST A
TREASURY NOTE

A knock came at the door.

The man at the desk sighed. He was in the midst of an important piece of work. Still, he said "Come in."

In came a man carrying a frightened little girl. She was dirty and neglected, and looked around as furtively as an alley cat expecting to be stoned.

"She's my little girl," explained the man. "I've married again, and when I'm at sea . . ."

He pulled at the neck of the little frock, showing scars that had been made by a heavy strap.

"There's no Aunt or Grannie to look after her," said the sailor; "will you have her, sir?"

The Sailor's Little Girl

There is hardly a C.N. reader who could have said Yes; for all sorts of reasons there are few people in a position to adopt a child at a moment's notice. But who could bear to send the child back to the cruel stepmother or to the workhouse? Though workhouses are no longer places where children are ill-used, they are associated with sorrow, failure, and shame; and children should not come near them.

The sailor looked at the man at the desk, and his heart was beating fast.

Luckily for the sailor, and for all the kind-hearted people who read this story, the man at the desk was writing the Year Book of the National Children's Home. This great institution has a rule which says

*No child shall be left in
peril for a single day.*

So in a short time the little one with the scars was eating sweets on someone's knee, while someone else was making her a warm bath and someone else was finding her a toy to take to bed.

A Kind Foster Mother

Now she lives with a small family of other girls in one of the cottages gathered round a village green. There are a kind foster mother to look after her, elder sisters to pet her, and a baby she herself can pet. She is very happy, and when the sailor comes to see her he will find in his little girl a new child filled with happiness and affection.

The child Ethel is being remade too. She was found in a cellar nine feet square. It had a rough concrete floor and was furnished with heaps of rags. Ethel's mother was a rag-picker, and the child was white, pinched, furtive, and hungry. Already she has become a pink-cheeked beauty and, what is more, has learned to laugh.

She was only admitted last year, one of 725 young children coming to the Home. Half of these little ones have lost their mothers.

Under Lock and Key

A country clergyman we read of was horrified to find that one of the village labourers locked his four little children up all day. But what else could he do? The mother was dead, no relative could come, no neighbour lived near, and the poor man could not pay a housekeeper. When he came home at night he cooked and did the washing himself. It would have broken his heart to send the children to the workhouse. But when the clergyman told him about the Children's Home he was lifted up.

Here he can pay something for their keep, can visit them, and can feel that they are his. He knows they will be given a very good start in life. The boys may begin as well-paid printers

A CHRISTMAS SCENE

Here is a little Christmastide scene, described by one of our readers, which leaves us wondering, and wishing we knew the human story it conceals.

GOING into the stationer's shop in our village, which also is a toyshop, I saw an old, old man, almost bent double with age and crippled by rheumatism. He stood by the counter and supported himself on two sticks.

Behind the counter the shopkeeper was wrapping up a parcel more than two feet long, ten inches broad, and eight inches thick. Having carefully tied it up he suspended it round the old man's

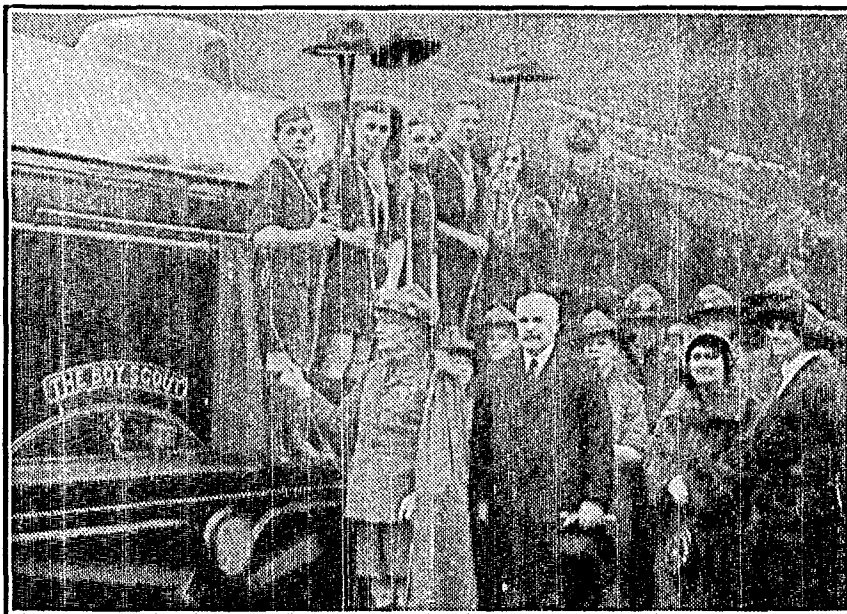
neck so that it rested on his bent back. Then the old man hobbled out of the shop and went on his way.

The shopkeeper, a kind man, said: "What do you think was in that parcel? A doll! He cannot be a local man or I should know him. I can't find out anything about him, for he is deaf and dumb."

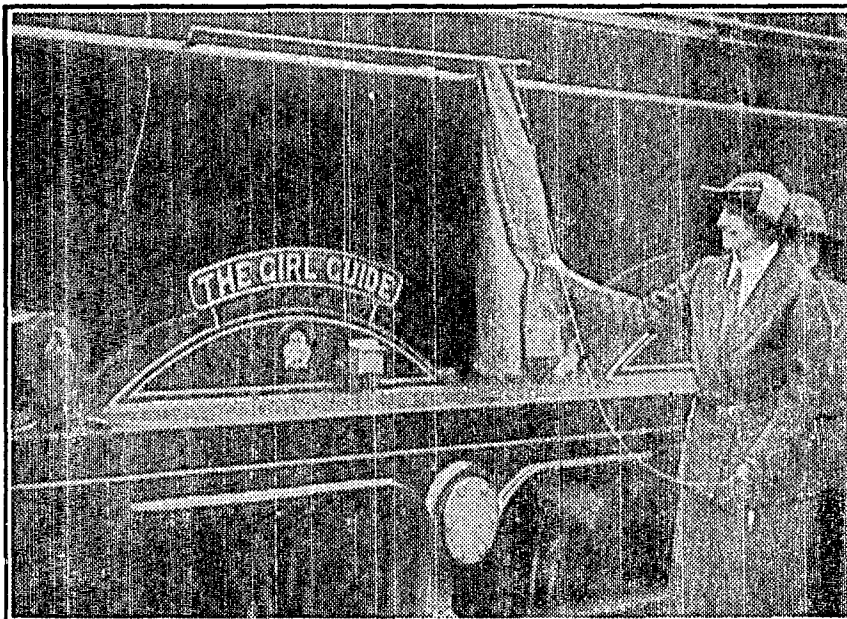
We watched him safely cross the road, and silently wished there was some way by which we could help him.

A doll! A big and handsome doll! There seemed to be some pleasant story behind that silent little drama.

THE SCOUT AND GUIDE ENGINES



The Chief Scout and The Boy Scout



The Chief Guide and The Girl Guide

Two new engines of the Royal Scot class have been named The Girl Guide and The Boy Scout by the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway. In these pictures we see plaques on the engines being unveiled by Lord and Lady Baden-Powell at Euston. See page 2.

Continued from the previous column

and the girls as nurses. If they show exceptional gifts they may be sent to a university. If they want to seek a fortune abroad they will be taken across the sea, given good work to do, and be watched over. And, in any case, they will have good manners, healthy bodies, and the right ideas about life.

The same good fortune awaits the poor little girl who has been admitted because both parents are constantly in prison. Her father has been sentenced 23 times.

Then there are the stepchild who used to be kept shut up in the scullery except when she went to school, and the mite of six who lived alone with a father who has a violent temper when he has been drinking. There are scores of tales as sad as these told by the children who have been brought to the Home this year.

It is something when we think of the slums and think of institutions like the National Children's Home. It means that there is love waiting somewhere for these unhappy little ones. Very grateful we should be for those who ease the national conscience and our individual consciences by taking to themselves the burden of these children. Lord Wakefield, in a note introducing the Year Book of the Home, tells us that it has rescued 20,000 children and made them good citizens.

That is a wonderful thing. It is something in which we might well invest that odd Treasury Note that lies in our pocket, or that odd half-crown. Send either to the National Children's Home, Highbury Park, N.5. It will yield a dividend of infinite delight, for it will make unhappy little lives into happy ones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

GETTING ON

INTERNATIONAL BONFIRE
OF EVIL DRUGSHalf a Million Pounds Sterling
Thrown Into the Flames

THE LEAGUE IS MOVING

Law and order are badly wanted in China. The League of Nations, acting for the rest of the world is making a beginning in supplying it.

The beginning is made in connection with the world movement for suppressing that traffic in drugs which is bringing untold misery and degradation to so many men and women.

One of the clearing ports of the traffic is Shanghai. From there the organisation which directs the traffic sends cargoes of morphine and heroin to the United States.

This 'evil and powerful organisation is now being met by another one, an information bureau which seeks out by its secret service the traffickers in these drugs and the origin and destination of the cargoes they dispatch.

A Great Event at Shanghai

This bureau gives the information to the Chinese Customs, which is an international body with a British official at its head. These officials lately seized half a million pounds' worth of drugs on vessels in the port and burned it all.

Perhaps some of our readers do not quite realise what splendid news this news of a bonfire is, but facts that have just come to light during the sitting of the League of Nations Drug Commission will convince everyone that if such a bonfire could be lit once a week, till no one thought it worth while making drugs, it would be glorious news to flash round the world.

No guy ever burned in a bonfire could be a more wretched thing than these little doses of heroin or cocaine that weaken the character of men and women and spread like a dry-rot in the heart of every country.

Terrible Revelations

The revelations made before the Opium Board are terrible. They prove that the drug evil is world-wide, no nation escaping. Drugs, in spite of present regulations, are within the reach of anyone; and once a drug is taken it is almost impossible to escape from it.

Life in these days is lived at very high pressure. People get tired. There are the young hostess who must get through the evening; the tired worker who feels too weary to carry out some social engagement; the business man haunted by his office worries. They are the people who sell their souls for the few short hours of sinister peace that one dose of the drug may bring.

But, worst of all, there are even mothers who will give a small dose to a crying baby that it may be quiet and sleepy while she gets on with her work. She plants in her baby a habit that will break out in full force in later years.

The Young Footballer

But who prepares the neat little tablets done up in boxes, with the daily dose carefully regulated? Who sells them? These are questions the League Opium Board is asking, and the League agents are answering them.

There was a chemist in Frankfurt who was found by the police to be supplying many people with cocaine. He was tracked down through a young footballer who was taking this drug to key himself up for matches. He became a different man, but a worse one, and his secret was soon discovered. In Hamburg, too, the police were successful in seizing £8000 worth of drugs brought by two steamers from Constantinople. These drugs would have been sent to London, Berlin, Switzerland, Japan, and America.

And now comes the great and cheering news of the Shanghai Bonfire.

TWO BOYS AND THEIR VILLAGE

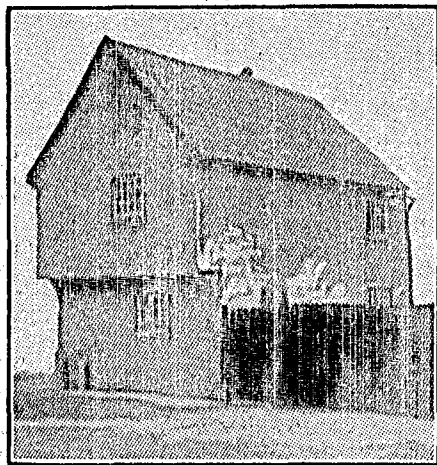
BUILDING UP A MUSEUM
A Good Story With a Thrilling
Second Chapter

NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD COTTAGE

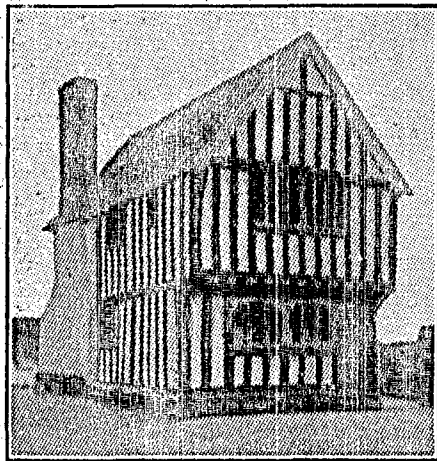
Two schoolboys, J. M. Bray and A. W. Sheldrick, have done a wonderful service to their village of Ashwell in Hertfordshire, and in doing it they have made a discovery which has been interesting archaeologists all over England.

Every boy has a hobby, and these lads were keen on hunting for relics of bygone days. They collected antiquities and conducted excavations as if they had been learned professors.

Coins of Hadrian and Nero, pieces of Roman pottery, a fifteenth-century



The Town House as it was



The Town House as it is

fresco, and an ancient flint-lock gun were among their discoveries, as well as implements and moulds once used in the manufacture of straw hats. One of their most interesting finds was an old metal harvest horn used in olden days to call the Ashwell harvesters to the fields at four in the morning.

Soon a museum for housing their collection was badly needed, so they procured an old wash-house, and in this the boys put up shelves, ticketing and dating their treasures, and arranging them in the most approved fashion.

As time went on more and more treasures were added; people lent or gave interesting or curious things, and the shelves became crowded. A Visitor's Book was kept, and any donations were handed over to local charities.

By the time the collection had grown too big for the wash-house the people in the neighbourhood were only too ready to help the boys to find a better home for their museum. A condemned cottage was for sale. It was one of the oldest houses in Ashwell, and was known in medieval times as the Town House. It was bought for £25.

And now the really thrilling part of the story begins. A piece of the ceiling of the house fell in, exposing a king-

ABUSE OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT FUND

Commission to Inquire
Into It

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED

The Government is setting up a Commission to consider the urgent problem of Unemployment Insurance.

The Commission is to advise how the Insurance Fund may be rescued from bankruptcy and made self-supporting, and also what arrangements should be made for the unemployed who are capable of work and for whom work can be found.

The nation has become alarmed, not only at the extent of unemployment but also about some of the provisions of the law and the loopholes in it by which the unscrupulous shirker may abuse the generosity of the taxpayer.

In two respects, at any rate, there is great room for improvement. The first concerns women. Unemployed factory workers and others could find immediate work in domestic service, and it should be made clear that when a trade revives they can return to their factories and mills without loss of their insurance safeguards.

Money for Idleness

Then there is the clause by which a man can work for three days a week, earn good money, and still count as unemployed and draw insurance money. It is reported that 1400 men in Cardiff, Penarth, and Barry were earning £3 a week by working three days and drawing full unemployment pay in addition. This is wicked, and unjust to the fully unemployed and to the men who work a full week for £3 or less and support the fund by the taxes they pay.

The C.N. does not like the word dole used for money contributed by masters and men for the excellent method we have in this country of insuring against times of depression, but everything in a State enterprise of this kind must be made above suspicion of misuse, and in many cases the word dole seems to be not out of place.

Continued from the previous column

post roof. This was a completely unexpected discovery. The boys set to work to strip the ugly plaster off the walls, and an almost perfect specimen of a fourteenth-century cottage slowly revealed itself. It is a beautiful half-timbered dwelling, with old fireplaces, quaint windows, and great oak beams. But it was badly in need of restoration, and it was heartbreaking to think that there was only enough money to patch it up in twentieth-century style.

But there are fairies at the bottom of the garden in Ashwell. In this village the fairy took the form of Sir William Gentle, once a Chief Constable of Brighton. When he heard of the enterprise of these boys he gave them £300 to have the cottage restored as perfectly as possible.

The Good Knight

Aladdin could not have been more delighted when the genie made his wishes come true than were these boys when they received this help, beyond their dreams, from the gentle knight.

It was a great event in the neighbourhood when the restored cottage, looking much as it did six hundred years ago, was opened by the good fairy himself as a museum. One of our readers has described it as a perfectly charming picture as it stands there looking down the street, toward the spot where, in Domesday times, the old mill stood, and taking in on the way a glimpse of the old lych-gate and the noble church tower. Just a little farther away the springs bubble as of old; those crystal rivulets of water, as a poet has described them, hurrying down stony channels, uniting in a pool, and then moving off, a full-fed stream, among quiet water meadows.

PEACE PRIZE FOR AN ARCHBISHOP

Flying to His Work

No man among the Churches of Europe has worked harder for peace than Dr Nathan Soderblom, Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of Sweden, who has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1930.

During the Great War he tried to bring the warring nations together, and since then he has taken every opportunity to help the Churches of Europe and the world to think and work for peace and better social conditions.

Archbishop Soderblom is much at home in England. He has preached in Canterbury and Winchester cathedrals. A C.N. correspondent had a talk with the archbishop not long ago on the old walls of Farnham Castle in Surrey.

Boyish-Looking at 65

Dr Soderblom had just flown to England, for he travels by aeroplane to most of the gatherings he has to attend outside his own land. "I like to fly," said this boyish-looking man of 65, "not because I am in a hurry, but because, by avoiding the fatigue of ordinary travel, I have time to think out problems and get things done."

And he certainly does get things done. He is to be found at Geneva, or at a conference in Germany or France, and then you discover that, after entertaining a body like the International Missionary Council in his own country, and presiding at a meeting of Scandinavian bishops, he has flown across the Baltic Sea for a Y.M.C.A. gathering at Helsingfors.

Somehow or other this scholar-bishop, who can write and preach in English, French, German, and Dutch as well as in his own tongue, finds time for study and music, on which he is a great authority, and to be the real father of his family, which consists of seven sons and three daughters.

HOW TO TREAT THE TRAMP

Kent's Example

Kent is a kindly county for the tramp. It gives him a nightshirt and a clean towel, and instead of setting him to the old task of stone-breaking it sends him out with a loaf of bread.

The county's public assistance officer, Mr J. Moss, who disclosed these kindly acts, added that a large number of unemployed men went from London and its suburbs to Margate and Ramsgate for temporary work.

They earned good money, and then tramped back to London, making their choice of the casual wards where the best treatment was to be got and burying their money outside before entering.

From these disclosures it is clear that the modern tramp knows his way about better than the tramp of old. A proportion of them are genuinely looking for work. Others are merely loafing through the land.

House of the Poor Travellers

Something of the kind might have been suspected after an inspection of the books kept at the House of the Poor Travellers in Rochester, where all applicants for charity sign their names.

This place of refuge, immortalised by Charles Dickens in his Seven Poor Travellers, has given bed and beef and bread to travellers night by night since the days of Richard Watts and Queen Elizabeth, and has sent them on their way in the morning with fourpence.

They write their names and trades and destinations in its books, and there it can be seen that the tramps who seek Kent come from all over England.

Mr Moss suggests that proper tramp wards, where the applicant should be given a day's work on the land or in the garden, should be established at distances of 15 miles apart all over England.

LA BOÉTIE

The Scholar Who
Preached Liberty

FRANCE REMEMBERS AFTER 400 YEARS

As all French towns have their Louis Pasteur and Victor Hugo streets so nearly all have their La Boétie streets.

It is this La Boétie the fourth century of whose birth France is celebrating. He did no heroic deeds; he gave the world no wonderful invention or discovery. There never lived a more gentle and self-effacing man. Yet when he suddenly died at 33 France mourned his death as a national misfortune.

Étienne de la Boétie was Montaigne's friend and a scholar who loved learning. He wrote little, but what he did write was a message to the world.

Let us imagine a castle in south-west France. The place is thronged with company, but, sitting alone in one of the rooms, a little boy is deeply absorbed in his favourite occupation, the translating of ancient writers. La Boétie lived for this. Even as a boy he delighted to translate whole authors and send them to his college friends, and the time came when he was recognised as the best Greek and Latin scholar of his age.

The Basis of Real Society

At 19 he wrote his one and only essay, Discourse on Voluntary Servitude. It was written in praise of liberty, and was in two parts, one under the title of Love of Justice and Men and one called Hatred of Despotism. The writer sought the basis of all real society, and found it in the natural equality of men, the equality of rights first proclaimed in the Gospel. Liberty, he asserted, is the heritage of man by divine right, which has not created him for slavery.

La Boétie's declaration sent a sudden wave of liberalism through the country. In those days even such a truth was startling. Had anyone else written it he would have been imprisoned; but such was his reputation that the book achieved immense success, and was known as the Republican Bible.

It is refreshing to recall the memory of this simple scholarly figure.

PANDORA OF THE POLICE COURTS

Where the Odd Pound Note
Might Go

Everyone who reads the newspapers and scans the more melancholy news which comes from the police courts has heard of the court Poor Box.

Where does its money go? What comes out of this box which, like that of Pandora in the Greek legend, always has Hope at the bottom?

Mr Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate, has let out some of its secrets. Ninety-three people were provided with tools out of it so that they might (and did) find jobs. In addition 71 people were provided with stock for their little workshops. The cost of helping these 164 people on in the world came to £440, less than £3 apiece.

More often we hear that the magistrate, after consulting with the Court Missionary, gave £1 out of the Poor Box, or even 10s. But there is no uniformity in it. Twenty-eight people were sent to convalescent homes or to friends who could take care of them—cost about 25s a person on the average. A sum of £59 was spent in providing food, clothing, and, above all, boots.

Then, again, this human box found £65 to give holidays to those who really wanted them; and £190 for hospitals.

It occurs to us that anyone who, having given to the deserving charities who ask for subscriptions at the Christmas season, found himself with a £1 note to spare, might wisely send it to the Police Court Poor Box.

It would be money well laid out.

December 27, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

9

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING GLORY TO THE NEW-BORN KING



A choir of carol-singers in old-fashioned costumes



The choir boys of St Clement Danes in the Strand



Girl carol-singers at the door of an Acton church



Choir boys at the Savoy Chapel in London



Girls of the Archbishop Tenison School at Lambeth

Little children, wake and listen! Songs are breaking o'er the Earth; While the stars in Heaven glisten, Hear the news of Jesu's birth.
Long ago to lonely meadows Angels brought the message down; Still each year through midnight shadows It is heard in every town.

A HOUSE BY THE TOWER

NEW CENTRE FOR TOC H

Overseas H.Q. By Ruins of Roman Empire

WHERE ALL ARE EQUAL

A C.N. friend of Toc H has been delighted to find Tubby Clayton now installed in his new home at 42, Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

No C.N. reader needs to be reminded who and what are Tubby and the great Toc H Movement; but the Rev P. B. Clayton, besides being Founder-Padre of Toc H, is Vicar of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower. For some time he was without a vicarage attached to the church, but his new home is right opposite All Hallows, which is busy not only every day of the week, as so many City churches are, but on Sunday also, an unusual thing with these churches.

The Crowded Church

For the City empties itself at the weekend, and its hundreds of thousands dwindle down to a mere twenty thousand, mostly caretakers and their families. It is not surprising, therefore, that the forty or so City churches find it difficult to muster big congregations on a Sunday. Most of them indeed draw their congregations from the homes of those who attend in the week from offices close by, and many ministers also live far away.

But Tubby Clayton likes to be on the spot. His church is crowded just as much on Sundays as on weekdays, chiefly with followers of Toc H, who would always travel miles to hear him. There is always work for him there too, if it is only to shake the hands of the crowds of visitors who come to see him throughout the year. And so when at the end of 1928 an anonymous friend offered him a house in Trinity Square opposite his church he was overjoyed.

A Friendly Place

It will be a centre for the overseas work of the movement, where those who have been spreading the light in foreign parts may meet those who are about to hand on the torch and tell them their news; and it will be a great meeting-place for the friends of Toc H and their friends.

Already they have a luncheon club, where a hundred friendly people take their meals each day. Also it is a centre for many who have no club of their own, the carters, the messenger boys, the dockers, and the warehousemen. Even the City Police do not disdain its attractions and the many games open to all. Downstairs the bowling-alley presented by Lord Wakefield is crowded each day at lunch-time, as well it may be, seeing what a fine bowling-alley it is.

Roman London

The house is an old one, dating from about 1780, with beautiful ceilings, panelling, and stairways. On the ground floor what was once a partitioned counting-house is now the Luncheon Club. Behind is a large warehouse or garage, the far wall of which stands on a bit of the actual Roman Wall round Londinium. It is interesting to think of the overseas work of Toc H going on by the ruins of the Roman Empire. This fine room, with its timbered roof, is now the gymnasium and concert hall. In one corner stands a large barrel with a slit for offerings. This barrel was the crow's-nest of The Quest, Shackleton's ill-fated galleon. It was bought by Toc H for £3, and has already paid its price and more in offerings of coppers.

Every fortnight a concert is given by local talent. Every Thursday there is a lunch-hour talk. Throughout the winter the big room is used for boxing displays and Boy Scout and Girl Guide parades.

And there, above the portals of this Everyman's Club, is the good old Toc H slogan, the original one from Poperinghe: *Abandon rank, all ye who enter here.* All are welcome; all equal; all brothers.

THE BATTLE FOR THE PASTURES

NEW ZEALAND farmers are arming themselves with spray pumps and chemicals to defend their pastures from the attacks of the golden ragwort.

Tens of thousands of acres in New Zealand are covered by ragwort, which thrives much more in the warm climate of the Antipodes than in the English countryside. If cattle eat too many of its leaves they sicken and die.

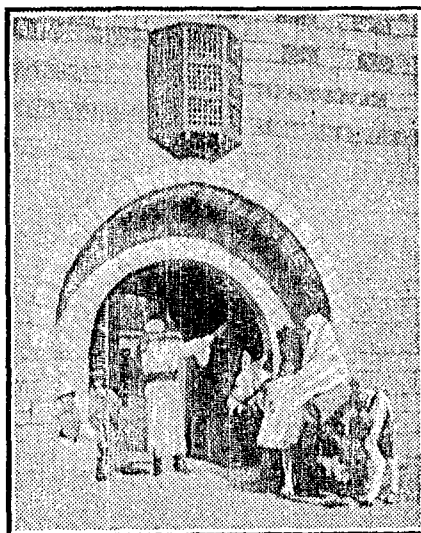
How to check the spread of ragwort is a problem New Zealand farmers and scientists have been trying to solve for many years. As was mentioned in the C.N. a few months ago the cinnabar moth has been introduced into New Zealand, as its caterpillars feed on ragwort leaves; and considerable hopes were based on this experiment. However, the moths have not spread as rapidly as was hoped, so the chemists have come to the rescue.

It has been discovered that if ragwort and other soft-stemmed weeds are sprayed with a solution of sodium chlorate the plants wither and die in a few weeks, while the grass is not affected, so the farmers of New Zealand are now waging chemical warfare on the invading golden ragwort plants for possession of the pastures.

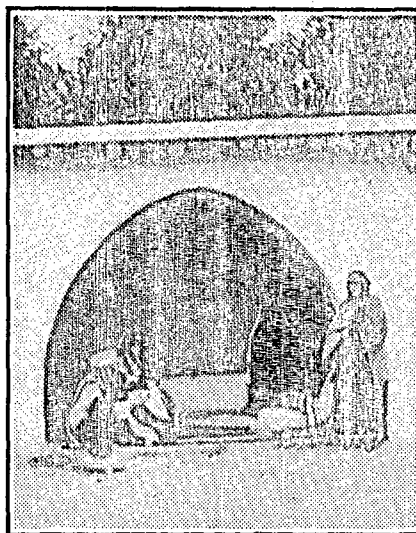
If ragwort were to win the day it would be impossible to keep cows on much of the pastures, and this would be a great blow to New Zealand, which has about five million cattle and exports £20,000,000 worth of butter and cheese to our Motherland every year.

The mild climate of New Zealand, which enables animals to graze in the fields all the year round, also allows weeds like ragwort to thrive in the most astonishing way. *See World Map*

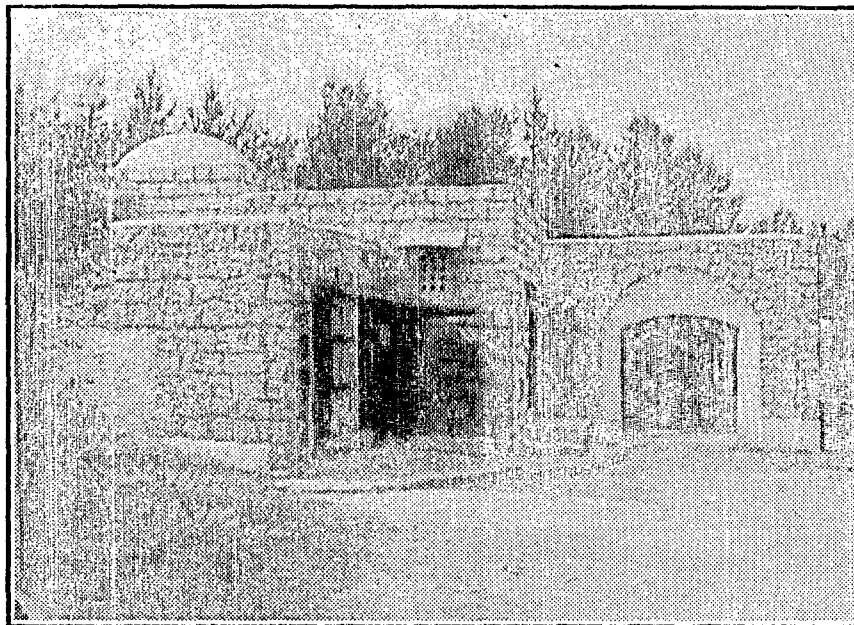
HOLLAND'S COPY OF THE HOLY LAND



The gateway of an inn



A manger in the courtyard



The Home of Mary and Joseph at Nazareth

THE Holy Land is a long way off, and it is too far for most of us to visit in our holidays; but it is not too far to go to Holland, where a new Holy Land is being built on the low hills outside Nijmegen, a town on the River Waal (as the Rhine is called in Holland).

There, near the German frontier, the Dutch Roman Catholics have for years been reconstructing the Palestine in which Jesus lived. Life-sized models of many Bible buildings are there, and others will be added in the next few years.

A priest takes the visitors round, and as he tells them the life of Jesus they see before them the scenes in which it all took place—the inn at Bethlehem, the home at Nazareth, the carpenter's shop. They are all complete in detail, even to a ring in the wall for tying up the donkey.

Over the room where Mary worked and looked after her little Son a Lady Chapel has been built for the use of all who come to this place, and there is also a small chapel within the stable.

On a low hill the scene of the Crucifixion is reproduced, and below it is the Garden of Gethsemane, with life-sized figures of Jesus praying and of the disciples who slept. The Holy Sepulchre is also reproduced.

So many pilgrims are visiting this new Holy Land that hostels have been built to accommodate them. Visitors to Nijmegen can also see small models of Pilate's Palace and the Temple at Jerusalem, both of which are to be built as soon as enough money has been collected for what we may call Holland's new Holy Land.

THE CRIPPLE'S CHANCE

A Helping Hand on Leaving School

FRIENDS IN NEED IN MANCHESTER

A very hopeful movement has been started in Manchester by some friends of the cripple who wish the cripple to have something more than his crutch. He is to have a new movement behind him to help him to play his part in life.

A Council for Cripples has been set apart by the Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service to give its whole attention to the problem of the cripple growing up, the boy or girl who, on leaving school, finds it hard to get something to do.

While the cripple of school age is adequately provided for by the education authorities and voluntary societies the cripple who leaves school is often without any means of training to fit him for competition in the labour market.

The Work of Investigation

Six hundred such cases, including cripples of every type, have been reported to the Council, mostly by other societies who have found themselves unable to deal with them.

In September last year the work of detailed investigation was begun with the support of local surgeons, who spared no pains in examining the physical condition of the cripples. The education authorities supplied information as to their mental capacities, and the Council has now been able to arrive at a working basis.

For cripples whose disability is slight and who need training commercial and technical schools provide opportunities. Two cripples have been apprenticed to watchmakers. In spite of the deplorable state of employment the Committee found it possible to place 70 cripples during the first ten months of this year, and at present there are 228 cripples, employed in a great variety of occupations, on their books.

A Day Training Centre

For those cripples too disabled to keep up with normal boys the Council has now established a Day Training Centre at Grangethorpe, which during the war was used as a hospital.

This lovely old house, by one of the city's parks, has been provided by the Board of Management of Manchester Infirmary, and all the furniture and equipment for workshops, offices, dining-room, and kitchen has been given by the Rotary Clubs of Manchester and Salford, the ladies of the Manchester Inner Wheel, and a large number of business houses in the two cities.

The trades to be taught at the new Training Centre are bootmaking and repairing, leading up to the making of surgical boots and surgical appliances. The boys will receive an hour's general education every day and a midday meal.

THE SUNFLOWER CROP

Many of us grow sunflowers in our gardens, but few realise that the sunflower can become an important crop.

In some parts of North America it is freely grown, not for its seed, but as a green crop to be fed to cattle either in its fresh state or after preservation in what is called a silo. Cattle are very fond of it, and it makes a splendid fattening food.

It is a fine sight to see a field of giant sunflower plants, as tall as a man, awaiting the reaper. The plants are mown as if they were corn, and when it is required to store them for winter use they are chopped into little pieces—heads, stalks, and all—and compressed in underground pits. This is what is called the ensilage method, and is applied to a variety of crops in different parts of the world, when it is required to preserve them.

GOOD TURNS

The Scouts Who Could Not Go to Camp

WHAT THEY FOUND TO DO

A Hungary correspondent who is keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement sends us a fine story of Scout work in that land.

It was told to him by a Scoutmaster from the Hungarian Plain who had come into the capital, 120 miles, to attend a conference of Scoutmasters.

When asked if his Scouts had been to camp in the summer the country Scoutmaster said "Not quite." And then he explained that leave was hard to get and money scanty in these hard times, so camping was difficult, as many of their Scouts were apprentices. However, he said, they found good work to do.

Near by were war cripples, who had a little land of their own, mostly growing wheat. Some could not reap it themselves or afford help. So, instead of camping, the Scouts decided that in their holidays and by the employers letting off each boy one day from his ordinary work they would harvest the crops of three cripples.

Working With a Will

They tackled the work as if it were sport. None of them had ever reaped before, but by the time they were finishing the third crop they found they were able to do more work than the experienced peasants.

The first cripple had lost both his legs in the war, yet had begun to cut his wheat. When they finished it for him he said: "God bless you for it! but I can hardly yet believe it is not a dream."

The second cripple had become so embittered by his own inability to harvest his crop that he threatened to burn it down, but their completion of the task left him "at rest with Providence."

The third was a war widow in poor health, who was agitated by the fear that the corn would be over-ripe and fall out of the heads. On going out and finding it already harvested she cried with joy.

So the good turns of the Scouts find their way around the world.

THE DEAN AND THE TIGER

Was William Blake Right or Wrong?

It is probable that any collection of poems destined for immortality would include Blake's Tiger.

Dean Inge, however, will not have that famous opening couplet,

*Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night.*

The poet evidently thought, says Dean Inge, that "the tiger's coat phosphoresces like a glow-worm."

But does any lover of Blake, young or old, picture his tiger as one great glow? Does not the burning rather convey to our minds the fierce heat of the tiger's ferocious nature as it stalks through the night with its eyes reflecting the moonlight like balls of fire? The image has always been thought extraordinarily impressive.

Poetic imagery, the airy faerie fruit of ecstatic mental exaltation, is not to be submitted to the logical analysis to which mere statement of fact must come for judgment. In that case what would happen to the gorgeous images, similes, and analogies of Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton? Poetry has licence, without which it might degenerate into humdrum recital in rhyme or so many syllables set to the unrhymed line.

Dean Inge begs us to extend tolerance to the vision of the mystic, but the poet is a mystic, and bodies forth his visions in language in which music, passion, and delight soar into realms of speech beyond the power of the ordinary man.

C. L. N.

Second Thousand of the Third Ten

HOW WE NEED EACH OTHER

Number of Members—22,131

"This is the most insanitary street in the town," said an Englishman who was taking a stranger round in South India. "Long after epidemics have been stamped out in other parts of the town people go down with smallpox or measles in this street."

"Why is that?"

"Well, it is the Brahmin street. The Brahmins are the highest-caste Hindus, and the scavengers are outcasts. The Brahmins will not let a scavenger enter their street because they say he would pollute it."

"So dirt pollutes it, and disease breeds there. It is as if the dwellers in Berkeley Square forbade dustmen to enter it."

What the Caste System Ignores

The caste system ignores one of the chief facts about civilised life, the fact that we cannot do without each other. Lacking the services of the lowly scavenger, the Brahmin priest falls a prey to the disease. The scavengers could not live without the farmer who grows rice for his food or the factory hand who spins cotton for his clothes.

The more civilised we become the more we feel the need of serving others and being served in return. Every nation needs the people of other nations. We need the experience and wisdom of the best brains of other lands if we are to make our own country healthier and happier. The sanitary authorities would waste their time stamping out plague in France if it were allowed to flourish in Belgium. The carpet-makers in one country cannot pay a fair wage if the manufacturers in another country use child slaves to make rugs cheaper.

The League of Nations is the first united attempt to make the world a better place for everyone. That is why every intelligent boy and girl should join the Children's League of Nations.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members
Tears in Siberia—Page 1

ELECTRICITY FROM THE GRAMPIANS

A Tunnel Through the Hills

We usually associate America or Norway or Switzerland with water-power, but there is also Scotland.

For two years great works have been in hand under the shadow of the Grampian mountains, where Inverness marches with Perthshire; and a few days ago, by the touch of a switch, Mr George Balfour, M.P., inaugurated the £1,750,000 scheme for obtaining electric power from the waters of Loch Erich.

A height of 13 feet has been added to the waters of this long and lovely lake, which lies 1000 feet above sea-level. Nearly three miles of tunnel have been cut out of the hills, and power-houses have been erected with turbines of 40,000 horsepower. From these power-houses the electricity is carried on cables to Abernethy for distribution over the east of Scotland.

A thousand men have been employed on these great works and already an extension has been begun both on a dam on the Tummel, the river that flows out of Loch Kinloch, and on a power-house at Tummel Bridge, Perthshire. This new scheme will be completed in two years.

AUNT SALLY

And Her Bad Companions

Among the brightest booklets appearing in the year that is closing have been those issued by the Design and Industries Association in the cause of a clean and beautiful countryside and in the campaign against general ugliness. We gladly commend to our readers the two which lie on our desk, both published by Sidgwick and Jackson:

The Village Pump: A Guide to Better Garages—6d.

The Cautionary Guide to Oxford—6d.

There is hardly any part of England now which is not made horrid by the sight of the tastelessly-designed and ill-coloured Aunt Sallys which have sprung up like a fungus in the wake of the motorist.

The Motorist's Remedy

The Design and Industries Association has taken up the cause of the countryside in earnest and has issued several pamphlets of protest. In its Guide to Better Garages over eighty photographs have been collected showing how the petrol pump is ruining our beauty spots, while some of the pictures show that it is possible for a petrol station to be as pleasing to the eye as a house or a cottage.

In a foreword the D.I.A. states that the garage proprietor is often sinning in ignorance, and it is to show him that garages of every kind can be tidy and pleasant to look at that the pamphlet is issued.

The remedy is in the hands of the motorist. *The clean car goes to the clean garage.* Many of the larger stations are excellently designed. They are set back from the stream of traffic, are painted to a general colour scheme, and find a profusion of enamel signs unnecessary to their business. There are also, as C.N. readers know, a few small stations up and down the country which are at least tidy and unobjectionable. Many of them are extremely simple—a little roof over three or four pumps, a clean gravel approach, a garden, and a seemly retreat for the attendant.

Hideous Signs

The usual garage, however, is permanently untidy and is peppered with enamel signs of every colour (usually the hideous yellow), signs which clash hideously with their background, whether it be green field or village street. These signs are not necessary.

The Design and Industries Association has the full support of the C.N. when it accuses the motoring industry of fouling its own nest. "The industry's biggest customer is the private motorist. He took to motoring very largely because as an Englishman he wanted to go out and enjoy the country. How can he enjoy it when advertisements are nailed to trees and barns and old grey cottages, and when his eyes are assaulted by a riot of flashy enamel?"

Painted Pumps

Unfortunately every petrol company insists that its pumps shall be painted a certain colour, and the result, as the D.I.A. says, is not harmonious. On the other hand, where an owner paints all his pumps one colour the general improvement in appearance is startling.

It is impossible to look through the pictures in these booklets without realising that the campaign against the ugly petrol pump merits the full support of every man who loves his country.

Of Mr Clough Williams-Ellis, who introduces the Guide to Oxford, we need say no more than that he is a doughty champion of all things sane and beautiful and a determined enemy of all things vulgar. Oxford must surely be ashamed of itself as it reads this little book.

America's first wireless station, a small shack on Long Island, is to be preserved as a national monument.

Lyn Woods, near the Waters Meet Valley, is to be bought for the public by the National Trust and Lynton Council.



Winter Health and Energy

DESPITE their exposure to wintry conditions—rain, snow, fog, and icy winds—it is possible to ensure good health for the children this winter by making delicious "Ovaltine" their daily beverage.

Good health depends upon correct nourishment. "Ovaltine" supplies those health-giving food essentials often missing from our daily dietary.

A PERFECTLY BALANCED FOOD

"Ovaltine" is a perfectly balanced food prepared from creamy milk from England's richest pastures, ripe barley malt and eggs. It contains in scientifically correct proportions all the fats, proteins, carbohydrates, and mineral salts which are essential to health. The necessary vitamins are likewise present—also in correct ratio. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef tea or 3 eggs.

COMPLETELY ASSIMILATED

This delicious beverage is not only easily and completely assimilated—even when the digestion is impaired—but it assists the digestion of several times its weight of ordinary food. Make delicious "Ovaltine" the daily beverage in your home. Its regular use will ensure abundant energy and glowing health throughout the winter.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin



"— as good as an extra week's holiday! "

Of all the shows organised for the Christmas holidays none will be so full of surprises and thrills as the "Daily Mail" Schoolboys' Exhibition, which opens at the Empire Hall, Olympia, W., on New Year's Day.

Three great floors of this wonderful new building will be packed with things which every boy wants to see and know about.

There will be a great Speed Boat Pond on which model racing boats will be cutting the water at 40 miles an hour.

Near-by the largest model railway in the world, which includes a scale model of the whole of Euston Station and all the famous engines of the main line railways will be continuously working.

The wizardry of a world-famous inventor will be seen in "Dawn," an amazing boat whose evolutions are controlled from a distance by flashes of light.

The Living Picture Zoo, in which all the beautiful pictures are really cases of the most unusual and interesting live animals, birds and fishes will fascinate you for hours.

You will see at another exhibit exactly how a cricket bat is made; you will be able to shoot on a rifle range, where daily prizes will be offered for good marksmanship; you will be at liberty to climb into a cab of an express engine and work the controls, just as the driver does on the Flying Scotsman; you will be invited to stand at the wheel of a big ship and experiment for yourself in steering it; you will have all the thrills of flying in a special machine which gives you a real lesson in aviation; you will be able to see exactly how a transatlantic cable carries a message from England to Australia; you will watch the uncanny working of an automatic telephone exchange; you will be able to listen-in to wireless telephone talks on a great liner in the middle of the Atlantic.

All these, and hundreds of other novelties and demonstrations, in which you yourself can take part, will be ready for your enjoyment on New Year's Day.

Come to the Schoolboys' Exhibition, and get your parents to come with you. They will be as interested as you will be in the greatest holiday exhibition ever yet prepared. "—as good as an extra week's holiday!"

**DAILY MAIL
SCHOOLBOYS'
EXHIBITION
EMPIRE HALL, OLYMPIA, W.
JANUARY 1-10, 1931**

Admission 1/6 [Includes Free Admission to Olympia Fun Fair]

THE RED LETTER

How to Make Sense Into Nonsense

SIGN-PAINTERS WITHOUT HUMOUR

It is two years since, passing by the old grammar school at Market Harborough, a C.N. friend was hurt by the neglect of the inscription running round it in memory of its founder.

Passing by the old school again the other day we were delighted to find the inscription repainted in neat black letters, without the red initials which fade away and turn so many inscriptions into nonsense.

It is astonishing how much stupidity is still left in the world among those who paint signs. We were amused the other day to look up in the clouds and see the word ass fading out in the sky, and it certainly does seem to us an ass of a nation which allows its very sky to be spoiled by anyone who will pay enough to do it.

An Invitation at St Ives

More curious still is the effect of the fading red letters of a notice we saw on a Salvation Army Hall at St Ives in Cornwall. The good officers of the army had meant to announce a number of Bright Helpful Meetings, and the sign-painter put the first letters, as sign-painters do, in red that fades away, so that we were invited, as we passed by, to come and enjoy these right helpful meetings.

We are quite sure that the day will come when those who paint our signs will have a sense of humour.

A MILLION BLOWS OF A HAMMER

A Book For Those Who Cannot See

Blind boys and girls have a wonderful new school geography of our Motherland.

It took four years to make, and over a million hammer blows must have been struck by the embossers while making the seven volumes of this book weighing 23 pounds. In one of the ordinary diagrams of the book there are over three thousand dots, and at least three blows of the embosser's hammer were required to make each dot.

Thanks to this book those who may never see our beautiful country may at least know a great deal about it, for 120 maps and diagrams have been made so that sightless children can feel the mountains and coastlines and seas. The shapes of the counties and coasts, the leg of Cornwall, and so on, will become familiar to them.

It was not easy to make the illustrations in such a way that they could be easily understood by blind children. When they were nearly finished the expert embosser of the National Institute for the Blind died, and another embosser had to be trained to complete the work. To show the coastlines heavier dots were used than those showing the boundary lines of counties, and the dots indicating the sea were much lighter than those of the mountain ranges. For making these varying thicknesses of lines more than 30 sizes of punch were needed.

CAN WE DO THIS?

If we can sink our petty interests in an enthusiasm to defeat another nation, we should be able to sink them also in an enthusiasm to feed and clothe our own people, to educate them, to make something more of England than just a place where so many millions of human beings exist precariously. Everything that is fine in war can be harnessed to the interests of peace; all the enthusiasm to kill that it calls up can be transmuted into an enthusiasm to make life more significant. Unless something like this happens the future is pretty desperate.

Manchester Guardian

ZOO MOTHER TAKES PITY ON AN ORPHAN

MARY'S ADOPTED BABY

Getting Over the Housing Problem

KANGAROO SWINGS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A touching example of the way in which animals will sometimes take pity on one another is to be seen at the Zoo.

Some weeks ago a macaque monkey arrived at the menagerie accompanied by a three-months-old baby. Unfortunately she was not in good condition, and the other day she died, leaving her little son George alone and unhappy.

At last, in the hope of cheering the little creature, the keeper decided to put George in a cage with three squirrel monkeys (small South American monkeys with shy, gentle manners) and to watch carefully to make sure that the infant was not treated as an interloper.

But he soon found that there was no need for him to look after George's

Are We Sure?

I AM not sure Science is right about all these worlds,

that the atom has all this power,

that everything is moving,

that oceans roll at the bidding of the Moon.

BUT

I am sure that if all these things are so they are not accidents: something or somebody controls them.

See

Arthur Mee's Answer to Julian Huxley in
MY MAGAZINE

interests. One of the squirrel monkeys, known as Mary, at once began to take an interest in the pathetic orphan, and in a few hours formally adopted him.

When feeding-time comes Mary always provides him with nourishment before beginning her own meal. At regular intervals she examines his teeth, ears, and eyes to see that he is clean and well-kept; and if she hears him whining she will rush to him and put her arms round him until he is comforted.

The attachment between George and his foster-mother has become very deep, and they make a charming picture, especially as the relationship has its humorous side; for in her anxiety to be a real mother to the baby monkey Mary sometimes tries to carry him, in spite of the fact that George is nearly as big as his foster-parent.

Queer Friendships

In the North Mammal House there is another example of queer Zoo friendships. A collection of tree kangaroos arrived when the housing problem was rather acute, so they were housed in the same den as a number of gibbon apes. This was regarded as a risky experiment, but it was hoped that the gibbons would think the tree kangaroos unworthy of their notice and tolerate their presence.

However, the gibbons caused a surprise by welcoming the intruders; and now they spend much of their time using the tails of the kangaroos as swings. The game is appreciated by the kangaroos, and so these strange companions make a very happy family.

THE SUN AT HIS NEAREST

Why It is Not Warm in Winter

THE TILT OF THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

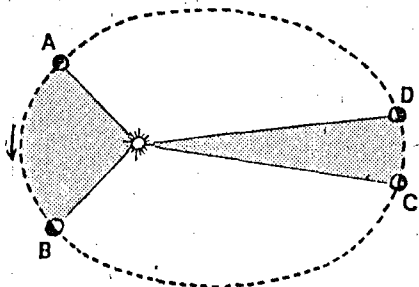
The nearest star in the heavens, our Sun, will be at his closest to us on Saturday, January 3—91,340,000 miles away.

Actually the nearest part of the Sun's sphere, at the centre of his disc, will approach to within 90,908,000 miles of us, for distances between celestial bodies are measured from the centre of each.

As the Sun has a diameter of 864,000 miles the point from which measurements are taken is 432,000 miles below his surface; therefore we are all this much nearer to the central point of the Sun's disc than to its circumference.

The Sun, therefore, now appears at his largest, and actually a little over one minute of arc wider than at the beginning of July, when he was at his farthest from us. This amounts to an apparent increase in diameter of about one-thirtieth. But then it is as if the Sun had grown as much as 28,800 miles bigger. This is over three and a half times the width of our Earth.

So we see how very small our world would appear if it were as far away as



An exaggerated orbit showing why the Earth has to travel faster from A to B when nearer the Sun than from C to D when at her farthest. The two shaded areas are supposed to be equal.

the Sun, less than a third of a minute of arc, so that 109 little Earths could be placed in a row across the Sun's face.

After January 3 our world will begin to recede from him at an average rate of some 16,500 miles a day until the beginning of July, when she will be a little over three million miles farther away from the Sun than at present.

It is fortunate that the Earth does not continue to approach the Sun at this rate, but regularly at the beginning of January, when she is as a consequence speeding at her greatest pace at nearly 19 miles a second, our world begins to recede from him.

This great speed which she has acquired causes her to begin to break away from the Sun. It is, in fact, a fortunate necessity imposed upon the Earth, and first made known by the illustrious Kepler 320 years ago, that she must travel over equal areas of the space between her and the Sun in equal times. This applies to all revolving bodies in the heavens.

Britain in Midwinter

Moreover, it accounts for our winter half of the year being seven days shorter than the summer half. It may be thought strange that our winters should not be the warmest period of the year, for we are so much nearer the Sun; as a matter of fact, the Earth as a whole receives about six per cent more heat from the Sun at our midwinter than at our midsummer.

But it so happens that at midwinter Britain is situated in the northern part of our world, which is then tilted away from the Sun; consequently he shines upon us at a more oblique angle, for only about eight hours a day, instead of about 16 hours, as at midsummer.

This induces wintry winds and a much lower temperature on account of the Sun's much lower altitude in the sky. All these things combine to obliterate what is gained by being at our nearest to the Sun.

G. F. M.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Dear Charles Lamb

On December 27, 1834, died Charles Lamb.

No one can appreciate Charles Lamb aright who does not know him as a friend, dear as the friends are that one knows most intimately.

No writer has ever revealed himself more completely in his writings. Every essay he wrote was a self-revelation, whether it was about himself or not. To know him is to enjoy him, sympathise with him, and love him—nothing less.

He was born on February 10, 1775, in Crown Office Row, The Temple, London, and he remained a Londoner for life. His father was a clerk; so was his elder



Charles Lamb

brother John; so was he for 35 years. But his real life was lived with his books, his writings, his sister Mary, and his friends.

At school at Christ's Hospital he had Samuel Taylor Coleridge for schoolfellow and friend, the first of a wonderful array of friends. After some short experiences in clerking he entered the East India House as a clerk at the age of 17, and he remained there till he was 50. Then he retired on a pension of £450 a year.

His life was overshadowed by tragedy. There was a strain of insanity in his family. For a brief space he was himself in an asylum in his youth, and his sister Mary was subject all her life to occasional attacks when she lost her reason. When he was 21 Mary had a sudden attack and, not knowing what she did, killed her mother. The rest of his life was devoted to the duty of caring for this unfortunate sister, and he never married.

Till he was 35 he occupied his spare time in literary studies, chiefly of the Shakespearian period, in writing poems, a story, a play, a farce, literary criticisms, and, with his sister Mary, books for children, such as prose condensations of Plays from Shakespeare; and during this period their home was an attraction for the choicest writers of that time, men like Coleridge and Wordsworth and Hazlitt, for Charles Lamb's conversation, like his letters, had an irresistible charm, and the man himself was much beloved by all who knew him.

The Essays of Elia

Then, in 1820, he began to write, for magazine publication, his Essays of Elia, which were the crowning work of his life. Though all his writings are significant, the essays give us all the delight of knowing the inmost workings of his mind. There is nothing in any literature that compares with these essays, their humour, their tenderness, their delicate literary charm.

After his retirement from his clerkship Lamb withdrew to Edmonton to give his sister Mary quietude. His death came suddenly, following a fall. Slight and small, Charles Lamb was in person inconspicuous. His speech was broken by a stammer, which, however, often increased the effects of his quaint sayings. While the English language lasts he will live in the minds of men, a fascinating figure and a cherished delight.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Hoppner	£1000
Painting by Turner	£892
Flemish 17th-century tapestry	£700
A Louis XVI cabinet	£580
Landscape by Morland	£504
2 Kang-Hsi porcelain parrots	£500
Pair of Chinese flower-pots	£460
A gilded bronze clock, 1750	£340
Kelmscott Press Chaucer	£225
Derby dinner service	£136
First edition Waverley Novels	£100
Autographed book by Pope	£80
Ancient Turkish prayer rug	£65
Bacon's Essays (2 vols), 1720	£42
A Dickens letter, 1858	£24



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The Prize Winners are as follows:—

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FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 30/- CASKETS: Dorothy Barnard, Balby, DONCASTER; John Coaker, SOUTH BRENT Devon; Jean Holmes, Erdington, BIRMINGHAM; Hilda Hunter, Richmond Hill, LEEDS.

SIX THIRD PRIZES OF 21/- CASKETS: Alwyn C. Best, Newland, HULL; Eric Butcher, WATFORD, Herts; Joan Davies, Pendleton, MANCHESTER; Margaret Gardner, Horsforth, near LEEDS; Miriam Thickett, Sandal, WAKEFIELD; Kathleen Williams, Balsall Heath, BIRMINGHAM.

Class 2—(Up to 10 Years)

TWO FIRST PRIZES OF £2 2s. CASKETS: Tom Hutchison, ARBROATH, Scotland; Barbara M. Ward, WEST BRIDGFORD, Notts.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 30/- CASKETS: James Gordon, Old Swan, LIVERPOOL; Muriel Keen, Harold Park, ROMFORD, Essex; Marjorie Lawrence, BERE ALSTON Devon; Verna E. Turner, CANNINGTON, Som.

SIX THIRD PRIZES OF 21/- CASKETS: Bettie Bryant, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES; Robert A. Gill, Coton-in-the-Elms, BURTON-ON-TRENT; Percy Hill, Fenton, STOKE-ON-TRENT; Winifred M. Mitchell, BIRMINGHAM; Dorothy Wood, Rainworth, MANSFIELD; Frances Woodward, EDINBURGH.

Class 3—(Up to 12 Years)

TWO FIRST PRIZES OF £2 2s. CASKETS: Edna Warbis, Field House, MARTOCK, Som.; Basil Woodcock, Hartsill, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 30/- CASKETS: Perette Brunel, Horsted Avenue, CHATHAM; Katherine Griffith, DINAS POWIS, near Cardiff; Louise Howse, Elm Grove, BRIGHTON; Malcolm V. Reynolds, BURSLEM.

SIX THIRD PRIZES OF 21/- CASKETS: Esther E. Edwards, BIRMINGHAM; Murray Lewin, WILLESDEN GREEN, London; Sarah Nechamkin, STOKE NEWINGTON; Clarence T. Painter, WOLVERHAMPTON; Norman Poulter, Clee Hill, near LUDLOW; Muriis Young, PORTH, Glam.

Class 4—(Up to 14 Years)

TWO FIRST PRIZES OF £2 2s. CASKETS: May Croft, Desborough, near KETTERING; Yvonne L. Smithers, Quinneys, COOKHAM.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 30/- CASKETS: Peggie Cumming, Wynburg, SANDHURST; Margaret Nelson, SANDERSTEAD; Edwin Sharp, 18, Balfour Road, CHATHAM; Jeanie Treays, The Hoe, PLYMOUTH.

SIX THIRD PRIZES OF 21/- CASKETS: Florence J. Coldough, LONGTON; Ruth Dean, Streatham Vale, LONDON; Violet Dennis, Bedworth, NUNEATON; Nora Lacey, Killamarsh, SHEFFIELD; Sheila Marshall, Brendon Street, LONG EATON; Doreen Mayes, TOTTENHAM, London.

Class 5—(Up to 17 Years)

TWO FIRST PRIZES OF £2 2s. CASKETS: William Johnson, Burley, LEEDS; Robert Shaw, Droylsden, MANCHESTER.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES OF 30/- CASKETS: Kenneth Beeley, SHEFFIELD; John C. Brookes, FOUR OAKS, Warks; Doris S. Howell, 15, Victoria Road, SUTTON; Joan Johnson, Waterloo, LIVERPOOL.

SIX THIRD PRIZES OF 21/- CASKETS: Mary E. Boswall, Vicarage Lane, BOWDON; Blanche Flamen, BURTON-ON-TRENT; Jean Garrett, Great Moor, STOCKPORT; Hilda M. Price, Deanfield, LONDON; DERRY; Joan Rumble, TOLWORTH, Surrey; Pamela Slater, Golders Green, LONDON.

Prizes will be posted to winners in due course. Owing to lack of space the names of the winners of 4th prizes and Consolation prize winners cannot be announced here, but prizes will be sent to recipients as soon as possible.

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THE GREEN DOOR Serial Story by John Halden

CHAPTER 27 Back to Dead Cat Alley

It was only a matter of a moment or two before the burly constable, with Tony's help, had the two men quieted.

"Now you'll have a stiff extra sentence for resisting an officer," he remarked, with unconcealed satisfaction to the two crest-fallen captives, who had had no idea that they were entering the house of the town constable.

"I was just on my way to the kitchen," he said to Tony, "to put the kettle on for tea before waking you—it's nearly time for your train—when I heard a sound in here. It's lucky I did," he remarked grimly. "Now you can get along back to town unmolested by these sportsmen."

Tony refrained from remarking that there would be two more like them waiting for him in London. He thanked his new friend, had a cup of tea in the kitchen, and set out for the station.

He slept most of the way back to London, and then went at once to the restaurant at which he had arranged to meet Jack Tempest.

He found his friend breakfasting. "What luck?" asked Jack in a low voice when he had given an order for more bacon and eggs.

Tony recounted his adventures of the preceding night, and learned in his turn that, although Jack had watched the house in Dead Cat Alley all night, he had seen no sign of either Felicity or her uncle.

"Probably the other two of the gang are keeping guard over them," he said. "Strange I didn't see her brought back. No doubt they got her to the house by way of the tunnel from the river."

"I only hope she is there," said Tony, "and safe. We'll go openly to the house and we'll take a policeman or two with us. This time we have nothing to conceal."

"No. At last we hold the two essential pieces of evidence," agreed Jack. "And we need only to rescue your two friends, with the least possible danger to them. Speers and Co can be arrested on a charge of kidnapping, fraud, false pretences—oh, a host of things, I should think, and their only hold over the old man is gone. It's been good work, Tony."

Tony blushed uncomfortably.

"More luck than anything else," he confessed. "I've made every kind of howler in the past forty-eight hours. And, what's more, I'd have been at the bottom of the river if it hadn't been for you."

Now it was Jack Tempest's turn to become uncomfortable.

"Let's cut the exchange of compliments and get along to that house," he suggested. "It looks as if the affair was almost over, but it's no good being too sure until the girl and the old man are safely out of it. Here's the famous cup, by the way. Better put it in your pocket."

Tony took the fateful parcel and slipped it into his pocket.

"We've plenty to tell the policeman over there without this," he remarked, and Jack nodded.

The policeman and another officer went with them up the alley, after hearing such of their story as Tony judged necessary to tell. The house with the green door, where so much had taken place, looked more ugly and more sinister than ever as it stood in the thin morning sunlight.

The door was locked, but they saw the key was on the inside, and Tony, who knew very well how to enter that house, swarmed quietly up the side into the upper window and unlocked the door for the rest to enter.

This house was deserted, but Tony led the way through the sliding panel into the real headquarters of the gang. This also seemed deserted, but Tony, putting his ear to the trap-door, heard a faint splashing down below. Apparently the entrance of the police had been observed and the men had slipped through the trap.

"They'll get away," he gasped. "It's a tunnel. Leads to the river."

"Good," said the officer. "We'll get them at the river end."

He blew his whistle, while Tony and Jack, frantic lest the fugitives had taken Felicity and her uncle with them, dashed in search of their friends. In the little back room with the dusty window, they found them, unhurt but tied hand and foot, for their captors had had no time to destroy the evidence of their crime.

"You see," said Tony to the policeman who had followed him into the room, "these two people were kidnapped and have been held here since the night before last."

"I am Josiah Cartwright—you can find my name and credentials in 'Who's Who,'" said the old man, who was shaken and exhausted, but retained his courteous manner, "and this is my niece, Miss Felicity Marr."

The policeman busily took notes.

"Is there any reason for all that?" said Tony anxiously, seeing how exhausted his two friends were looking. "Why shouldn't we go back at once to our hotel? My friends are badly in need of rest and quiet."

The policeman was human. He looked through his notes, saw he had all the information he needed for the moment, and nodded. With a sigh of relief Tony saw that the affair was now out of his hands and in the hands of the law.

"Now what shall we do?" he said as he signalled for a taxicab. "It seems to me, Felicity, that you and your uncle have had enough excitement for a while. Hadn't you better go straight back to your hotel and rest?"

Felicity glanced to where her uncle was chatting courteously with Jack Tempest.

"Poor Uncle is tired," she said, "but I wish we could take that wretched cup back to its owner immediately."

Mr Cartwright turned round. He had overheard.

"Indeed, we'll take it back at once, my dear," he said. "I couldn't rest any more than you could with it still in our possession."

Tony helped the two of them into the cab, gave the address to the driver, and prepared to enter the cab himself.

"Well, so long, old man," said Jack Tempest, holding out his hand.

"Whatever are you saying?" cried Tony, surprised. "You're coming with us, Jack. You're not dropping us like this, are you?"

"Well—," Jack hesitated, and Tony broke in upon him.

"You've been one of the chief factors in this adventure, old man. You've got to see it through. Come along."

On the way to the West End Tony told his friends of the part that Jack had played in their rescue, and how he had pulled Tony himself out of more than one tight place. He did not, of course, refer to Jack's circumstances.

After a while, Mr Cartwright began to talk of the things he hoped to do with the fortune which was now assured to him. As he told of his plans for the holiday and the convalescent home for slum children he addressed himself chiefly to Jack. Tony guessed what he was about and smiled to himself, liking the friendly, tactful old man.

"An idea has just come to me, Mr Tempest," he said at last. "I hope you will forgive my mentioning it so bluntly, but I am a very simple old man and like saying what is in my mind. It is this: Are you engaged in some work that keeps you in London?"

"No sir, I am not," returned Jack with some bitterness.

"Then I wonder if I could possibly persuade you to go with us to Byewell?" said the old gentleman. "I am old and my niece is young. We need someone to help us in the work we are undertaking for poor children. Would you consider coming with us as our business manager and organiser?"

"Would I consider it, sir? I can think of nothing I would rather do!" cried Jack, his face losing the lines of bitterness and fatigue that had made him appear much older than his years.

"Then we will consider it settled at whatever you consider an adequate salary," said Mr Cartwright, smiling.

Tony and Felicity had been whispering together.

"If I may mention it, sir," said Tony, "Mr Tempest is going to be a fairly rich man after today."

"I'm very glad to hear that," returned the old gentleman with no sign of surprise.

"You know there is a large reward offered for the return of the Cellini cup," explained

Tony. "If they insist on awarding it Felicity says she is sure you will agree that Jack ought to have it."

Jack's vehement protests were cut short by Felicity, who had been watching out of the window. "We're there," she cried. "Are you sure you have the cup safely in your pocket, Tony?"

"There is no reason why I should go in with you children," said Mr Cartwright, "for the recovery of the cup was wholly your doing. Go ahead with it; do what you like with the reward, and good luck to you."

"I'll stay here," said Jack quietly, glancing from the imposing house before which they had stopped to his shabby clothes.

Tony understood his reluctance, and got down with Felicity. They rang the bell of the great house with some trepidation, for they had a delicate task to perform.

"The countess is not in town," they were told. Their hearts sank. They felt they must get rid of that fateful cup at all cost.

"But isn't there anyone in authority here?" cried Tony desperately. "It's extremely important."

"The countess's brother, Sir George Mainsham, is at home."

"Sir George Mainsham!" cried Tony joyfully. "Then please tell him that Anthony Richardson, the son of his old friend Sir James Richardson, is asking to see him."

"What luck!" he said to Felicity, as they waited in the cold drawing-room. "Everything is sure to be all right now. I'd forgotten all about my father's friend having a sister who married an Italian count. I suppose that is where the cup came from."

"Well, well, Anthony, my boy, you have shot up," said Sir George a few moments later, as the two entered his sitting-room.

"What form are you in now, eh?"

"Sir George," said Tony as soon as he could get to business, "it's rather important. I've brought you the Cellini cup."

"What!" roared the genial old man, nearly dropping the teapot, for he was in the midst of breakfast. "What are you telling me, you young rascal?"

For answer Tony took the cup out of his pocket and unwrapped it.

"My sister will be fairly out of her mind with joy," cried Sir George. "My life has been a burden ever since it was stolen. You've no idea what you have rescued me from. I suppose there's no mistake? Not a copy, is it? Where did you get it? Ring the bell, will you, for some extra cups. Have some toast and tell me all about it."

"It was all due to Miss Marr," said Tony, and, remembering the reward, he added hastily, "and another friend of mine, Jack Tempest."

He proceeded to tell the adventures of the past few days, aided by Felicity.

"Seems to me you had a little something to do with getting back the cup yourself, my son," commented Sir George when the story was ended.

"And about secrecy?" said Felicity timidly, for this was the most important aspect of the matter to her.

"Don't you worry, my dear," said Sir George. "My sister will be so glad to get her treasure back again that she will promise anything you like."

Felicity and Tony were beaming with satisfaction when they returned to the cab where Mr Cartwright and Jack Tempest were waiting. Everything had gone off far better than they had hoped.

"And now what?" said Felicity happily, as the four sat that evening at dinner in their hotel, where everything had been cleared up to the satisfaction of the hotel manager, who could not do enough for them. "Now what? After the thrilling adventures of the past two days everything will seem tame."

"Not to me," said Mr Cartwright decidedly. "I mean to return at once to Byewell and set the house to rights for our orphanage and holiday home. That will be my adventure!"

"And mine to help you," said Jack Tempest, looking a new man since he had had a bath and put on fresh clothes. "After long unemployment work will be my great adventure!"

"And you, Tony, as your holiday plans have been spoiled, won't you come to Byewell with us?"

"Indeed I will, with the greatest pleasure," returned Tony, "if you don't mind my falling asleep the moment I get there. Sleep, I take it, is going to be my great adventure for the next few days!"

THE END

JACKO LIVENS THINGS UP

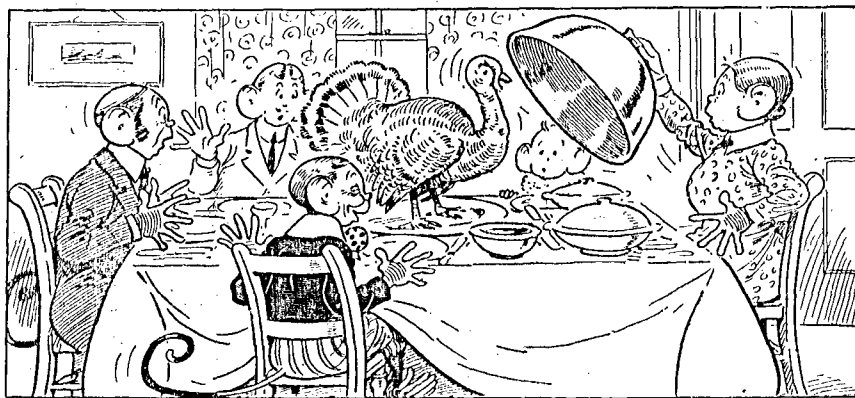
ALTHOUGH it was Christmas, the time of good cheer, gloom seemed to have descended on the Jacko family like a fog.

Adolphus was sulking because his holiday plans had been upset; the Baby was in tears because Jacko had trodden on his elephant and broken off the trunk; and Father Jacko was cheerfully anticipating a fresh and painful attack of

to baste the turkey. "What a Christmas!" Jacko thought, despairingly. "Not a single present that's any good to me, and everybody in the house as cross as two sticks."

He stuck his head over a fence and caught sight of a turkey strutting across a farmyard.

"Hullo!" cried Jacko. "So you are one of the lucky ones! I should think



When she lifted the cover the family had a shock

rheumatism as a result of the rich fare in store for him.

Mother Jacko, who was hard at work preparing it, was too busy to think of anything except her cooking. But she found time to box Jacko's ears when he tormented the cat. And when he turned on the bath tap to see how much water the bath would hold, and Baby fell in, she took him firmly by the shoulders and put him out of the house.

Jacko strolled off whistling.

"And you need not come back till dinner-time," she said.

And then she went back to the kitchen

you're about the only turkey alive to tell the tale," he added with a grin.

As he watched an idea came into his wicked little head.

He made a dive, caught up the turkey in his arms, and made off with it.

He got back to the house in time to hear his mother announcing that dinner was ready.

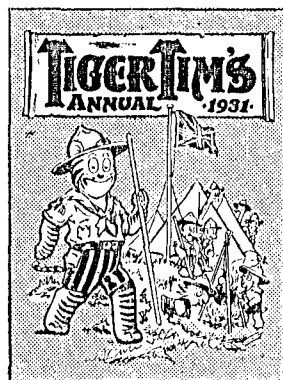
"Come along, everybody!" she called out. "The turkey's done to a turn."

But when she lifted the cover the family had a shock. The turkey rose up from the dish, flapped its wings, and fluttered out of the window!

Christmas Joys for Girls and Boys

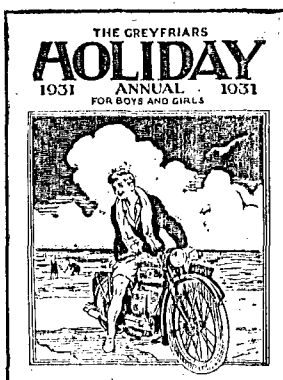
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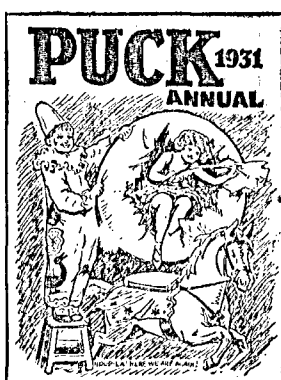
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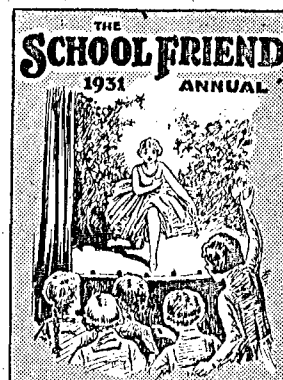
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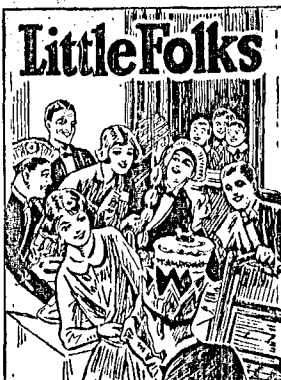
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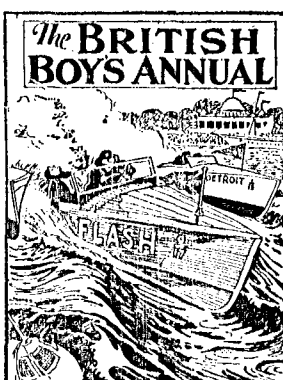
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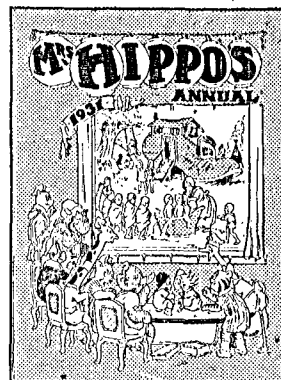
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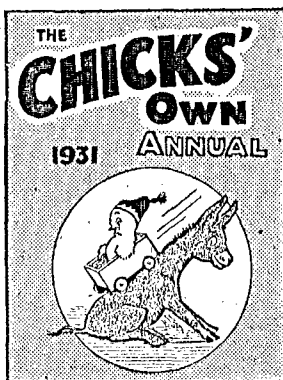
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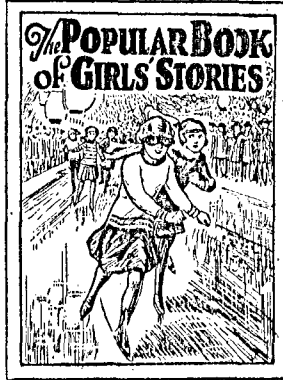
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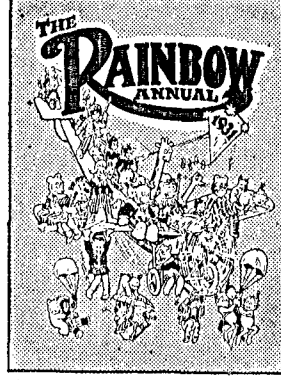
A novel book for little boys and girls who are just beginning to read. Pictures to paint.

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THE MAGIC DROP



LET IT CHARM AWAY YOUR COLD

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the germ-killing vapour . . . Notice how it becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. It acts like a charm, clearing the head, liberating the passages of nose and throat, destroying the infection which is the real cause of the cold. Breathe ever-increasing relief with each breath you take.

NEGLECTED COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Never neglect a cold. It is always dangerous. Colds are caused by infections of the nose and throat, which may spread rapidly and grip the whole system. A single germ, neglected, may become many million by this time to-morrow. Deal with your cold immediately the first symptoms appear—before the infection becomes dangerous.

HOW "VAPEX" ACTS

Use "Vapex" at once. It penetrates all the complicated passages beyond the reach of any liquid medicine. It kills the germs and acts like a gentle stimulant to the whole respiratory system. You can literally feel it charming away your cold by this swift, safe, effective and most convenient method.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE

V. 61

Two Steeples Underwear
The trustworthy make for children and grown-ups

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 lb. 5/6
3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Children's Garments etc. White 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Rugs, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.
EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, or money for New Year Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

A HOT MUG OF COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter and jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings: 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?
Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 110, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

The Paper that made Wireless Popular.

POPULAR WIRELESS

EVERY THURSDAY. 3d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 27, 1930

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Rowing Problem

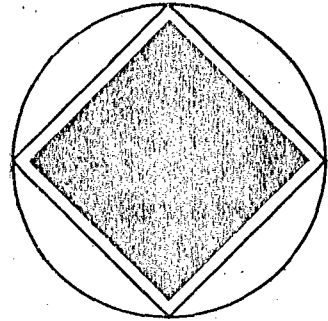
IN a boat race one crew rows 33 strokes a minute and travels 28 feet with each stroke and in fifteen minutes is ninety feet ahead of the rival crew.

If the second crew is rowing 34 strokes to the minute how far do they travel with each stroke?

Answer next week

Is This a Circle?

LOOK at the outer line in this diagram and see if you can decide whether it is an exact circle. Most people will think that there is a flattening at the



top, bottom, and sides. Test with a pair of compasses and you will find that the circle is exact. The square in the centre completely deceives the eye.

A Charade

MY first is in berry but not in red,
My second's in follow but not in led,
My third is in taxes but not in rates,
My fourth is in dinner but not in plates,
My fifth is in greeting but not in card,
My sixth is in garden but not in yard,
My seventh's in pudding but not in pie,
My eighth is in collar but not in tie,
My ninth is in friendly but not in kind,
My whole is part of Christmas, you will find.

Answer next week

What Animals Say

FOR generations children have been repeating the old nursery rhyme "Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any wool?" but gramophone records of the bleating of a flock of sheep prove that they do not say Ba-a. The call of a sheep is more like Ma-a than anything else.

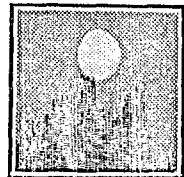
A dog's bark is supposed to sound something like Bow-wow, but what he actually says is Wow-wow. One speaks of the growl of the tiger, but a record

shows that the sound is cough-like and resembles Wouf-wouf.

Pigeons and doves do not 'Coo'; the cry is simply Hoo, with rather a definite emphasis on the H.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus may be seen in the South-East.



In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the East, and Uranus and Mercury are in the South-West.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Dec. 31.

Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which when written one below the other will form a square of words.

1. A celestial body. 2. To become weary. 3. Limbs. 4. Earned by hard work.

Answer next week

An Animal Game

A GOOD game for a Christmas party is to let each player write down the letters of the alphabet one under the other, and then put against each the name of an animal beginning with that letter. Any kind of animal life may be included, but it is

perhaps necessary to leave out X.

At the end of ten minutes each player reads out his list. Names that appear on two or more of the lists are crossed out and the winner of the game is the one who has the largest number that do not appear on any other list.

The same game can be played, of course, with the names of towns, rivers, famous men, and so on.

Let On Parle Français



La couronne Le menton Le veston
Chaque marquis portera sa couronne.
Il faudra qu'il se rase le menton.
Ce veston ne vous va pas du tout.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Two Wheels

The larger wheel will have to turn six times.

Pictorial Acrostic

Hidden Animals

Drop

Crane

Eaves

Mouse

Bean

East

Rails

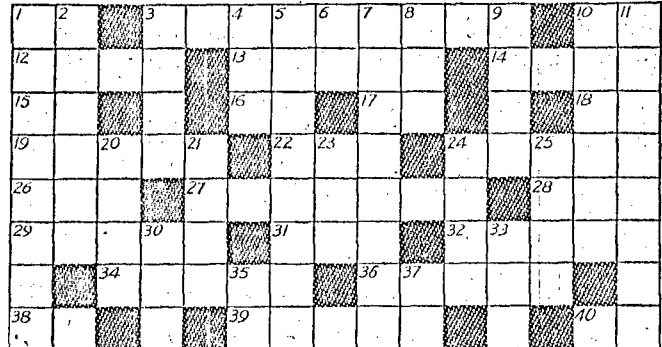
Word Multiplication

Formidable

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 44 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. You. 3. Seasonable. 10. For example.* 12. A bone in the forearm. 13. An American State. 14. Likewise. 15. French for the. 16. Accomplish. 17. Elevated. 18. In the direction of. 19. Beyond the Earth's atmosphere. 22. A metal vessel. 24. The Arab's horse. 26. A tiny hillock of sand. 27. To epitomise. 28. A familiar tree. 29. Conceptions. 31. Exist. 32. A winter resort in Florida. 34. To put in good order. 36. They guide the horse. 38. French for and. 39. To annoy. 40. Bachelor of Laws.*

Reading Down. 1. The festive season. 2. Flushed with success. 3. A stick. 4. To free. 5. A mineral found in lava. 6. South Africa.* 7. Loud noises. 8. Used for cleaning floors. 9. A condiment. 10. Great regard. 11. Should be prevalent just now. 20. To observe. 21. To overthrow. 23. A tune. 24. Prefix denoting half. 25. A baby hawk. 30. Part of a circle. 33. A hostelry. 35. Saint.* 37. Errors excepted.*

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BEVIS was dressed all ready for the party, and waited impatiently for the sound of Daddy's car.

"Mummy, I do wish he'd come," he said. "He promised he would be home by a quarter to four."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and while his mother went to answer it Bevis grew more and more impatient.

His chum Philip West had given him glowing accounts of the Christmas Tree and the cakes and crackers that they were to have. The Wests lived at Potterhurst, two miles away, and Daddy had promised to be home in the car in time to take Bevis to the party.

Oh, why didn't he come!

Mummy called Bevis to her.

"Darling," she said, "I'm afraid you're going to be terribly disappointed. Daddy has rung up to say that he



It was a big van

has been kept in town, and cannot possibly get home till six o'clock."

"What am I to do?" poor Bevis asked.

"Well, darling, I'm afraid there's no way of getting you there. Daddy suggested Farmer Turner's Ford; but that is at market. There's no other car in the village."

"But I must go," said Bevis. "Philip says I'm to have an engine off the tree."

Mummy looked almost as disappointed as Bevis.

"Well, perhaps Philip will bring the engine to you tomorrow," she said. "We'll ask him to tea and have a tiny party all to ourselves."

"Oh, it isn't the same," wailed Bevis.

Then he rushed to the window, for he could hear the sound of wheels, drawing up at the gate. Alas! it was only a van from one of the great London stores.

DI MERRYMAN

Growing Up Quickly

CHRISTMAS DAY was Jack's birthday.

"How old are you now, old chap?" asked Uncle.

"Thirteen, Uncle," was the reply.

"Thirteen?" queried the grown-up. "But you were only six last Christmas!"

"Well, six last Christmas and seven this; that makes thirteen."

Reveille

TEACHER: In the Far North they have a night lasting for several months.

Pupil: Well, sir, who calls them when it is time to get up?

An Early Success



WHEN Harold Hopkinson went through

He cried "It's rather nice To think that I've contrived to do A star turn on the ice!"

Next, Please!

THEY were seated round the fire, an hour or so after the turkey and Christmas pudding had gone, and an old friend of the family was talking of his adventures in many parts of the world.

"Ah!" he said. "And I mustn't forget to tell you of the tigers I used to shoot in Africa."

"But there are no tigers in Africa," protested the son of the house.

"Quite right, my boy," granted the traveller. "I shot them all."

The Camel's Toilet

MOLLY was very puzzled.

"Daddy said that this is a camel hair brush," she said, looking at a paint-brush.

"And so it is, dear," said Mother.

"But what a terrible time it must take him to brush himself."

Following Instructions

THE boarding-house keeper wished to make an impression on the new guest.

"I gave Cook special instructions to prepare this fowl so as to tickle the palate," she said.

"She's certainly succeeded," grumbled one of the older boarders; "she seems to have left half its feathers on."

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Bevis was out in the hall as soon as Mary opened the door.

"Sorry to trouble you, miss," said the man; "but can you tell me the quickest way to Potterhurst? I don't know this part of the world."

Bevis broke out in great excitement: "Are you going to Potterhurst? Are you going to Mrs West's, because I'm going there to a party?"

The man smiled.

"Yes," he said; "that's just where I am going."

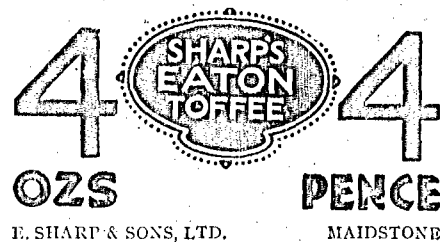
"Mummy!" screamed Bevis. "This man's going to Philip's house! Can't he take me?"

Of course he could. And of course he would. And so it was not very long before Bevis was telling Philip excitedly how very nearly he had missed coming to his party.



"One for you, Daddy!"

Even Daddy likes Sharp's Eaton Toffee, so that shows it must be nice. He says he likes the creaminess and the flavour. Be sure to buy some Sharp's Eaton Toffee next time. You will enjoy it.



E. SHARP & SONS, LTD.

MAIDSTONE

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.



8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists